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2d. ditto 500l. in a second-class carriage,  
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These sums to be paid to the legal representatives of the holder in case of fatal accident while travelling by railway, with proportionate compensation to himself in cases of personal injury. ALEXANDER BEATTIE, Secretary.  
3, Old Broad-street, Oct. 1851.

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Promote CLEANLINESS, which is at all times necessarily conducive to Health; and this, as well as Economy, is greatly promoted by substituting for the noxious process of Painting with Oil and White Lead STEPHENS' ORIGINAL STAINS and DYES for WOOD, to resemble Oak, Mahogany, Satin, and Rosewood. Every original invention, when known and established, attracts a host of imitators ready to seize on and profit by another's ingenuity. So in the case of these Stains and Dyes, several imitators have sprung up; but the inventor beg to assure the public that the time he has bestowed upon these articles to render them perfect insures against disappointment in their use; his well-known experience in the preparation of colour enabling him to effect the most perfect imitations of the various ornamental woods, reflecting all the beauty of the natural grain. They are prepared and sold by HENRY STEPHENS, No. 64, Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road, London, in bottles at 6d. and 1s. each, and at 8s. per gallon. They may be obtained in powder, at 8s. per lb., which dissolves in water to form the liquid, and one pound will make one gallon of stain, and cover about 120 square yards.—N.B. The trade supplied, and a discount allowed. Where also may be obtained STEPHENS' well-known WRITING FLUIDS.



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## NOTICE.

The THIRD QUARTERLY PART for 1851 is now ready, price 3*s.*, for convenience of Book-club circulation. It contains as much reading-matter as two of the Quarterly Reviews.

THE CRITIC is published in monthly parts, in a wrapper, price 1*s.*

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## CIRCULATION OF THE CRITIC.

The following letter speaks for itself:—

"To Mr. CROCKFORD, Publisher of 'The Critic,' London Literary Journal.

"DEAR SIR,—In compliance with your request, we beg to state that the following are the quantities of each number of THE CRITIC LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL, for the present year 1851, which we have printed for you:

No. 234, January	1	1,450 copies.
235, January	15	2,000 "
236, February	1	1,675 "
237, February	15	2,500 "
238, March	1	2,250 "
239, March	15	2,600 "
240, April	1	3,500 "
241, April	15	4,000 "
242, May	1	3,500 "
243, May	15	4,000 "
244, June	1	4,000 "
245, June	15	4,750 "
246, July	1	5,000 "
247, July	15	5,300 "
248, August	1	5,550 "
249, August	15	5,800 "
250, September	1	5,850 "
251, September	15	6,000 "
252, October	1	6,300 "
253, October	15	6,300 "

"We can assure any of your Advertisers of the strict accuracy of the above statement.

"We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"COX, BROTHERS, AND WYMAN,

"Printers to the Hon. East India Company,

"74, 75, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields,

October 29, 1851."

## To Subscribers.

The Publisher will be happy to pay the full price for numbers 234, 235 and 237 of THE CRITIC, or either of them. Subscribers who do not preserve their sets, and who are willing to dispose of the above, will oblige by forwarding them to the Publisher by post, enclosed in a wrapper open at the ends.

THE CRITIC,  
LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.THE DICTIONARY AND DIRECTORY OF  
LIVING AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND  
COMPOSERS.

This proposition has been received with universal and cordial approbation, and from all quarters come proffers of information necessary to its satisfactory completion. If a judgment may be formed from the results already shown, it will be one of the most useful, as well as most interesting, undertakings of the time.

Not a moment has been lost in setting to work. A circular has been printed, in which the particulars desired are stated in one column, with blank spaces for supplying them. This has been dispatched to a great number of Authors and Artists, and returned with those particulars properly inserted, so that we shall have no difficulty in making the information for which the Directory is designed, both complete and authentic.

The only portion of this return which has presented any difficulty, is that which requests a brief biographical sketch, but leaves it optional whether to supply it or not. In almost every instance it has been given, but not in the form desired. It appears to have been understood that we contemplated a memoir, and some very long ones have been sent accordingly. But it is not so. We do not design even a narrative, but only the principal facts of the Author's or Artist's career, stated in fewest words, with their dates. A specimen (imaginary) will best explain our purpose:

THOMPSON WILLIAM (Author) 27, Edward-street, Marylebone.

Born at Manchester, 1804; educated at Warrington College School; entered at Christ-church, Oxford, 1822; published his first work *Warnings*, a poem, in 1824. Graduated B.A., 1825, M.A. 1827; entered at the Middle Temple, 1825; called to the Bar, 1828; joined the Northern Circuit and West Riding Sessions; practices as a Barrister; published

*The Three Kings*, a novel, 1829, 3*ls.* 6*d.*

*The Law of Warranty* (legal) 1830. Sweet, 10*s.* 6*d.*

2nd Edition, 1831.

3rd Edition, 1832.

*Who shall Decide?* (pamphlet) 1834, Ridgway, 1*s.*

Married, 1832, Julia, daughter of J. Beecham, Esq., of Leeds.

This will best show the manner in which we design to construct this Directory; and the sort of information we require. It is only of facts, which none need withhold from modesty or fear.

Artists will inform us, instead of books, where and when they exhibited, what are the pictures for which they are most famous, and who are their present possessors.

A RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE AT  
GENEVA.

"ADIEU" used to be a common salutation at Geneva when you entered an assembly. "Parce que a Geneve on s'ennuie d'avance," as was said, and perhaps truly, of other times than that of my retrospection. I knew Geneva in what has been termed—if a republic will suffer such an imperial designation—its "Augustan Age." The three or four years immediately succeeding the death of Madame DE STAEL were the brightest and happiest both to the residents and the visitors at Geneva.

Madame DE STAEL was indeed, as they said, "trop grand poisson pour notre lac." Though born of parents essentially Swiss, and though her own language never lost its original provincialism, she was, in all her tastes, habits and success, essentially Parisian. Her genius was like all true genius—of the Universe: her works are imperishable, but her faults are buried with her. I never saw her, but I knew her son and daughter, and with them, at Coppet, one could remember only her glories and her virtues: the excellence of her children was her noblest eulogy: their devotion to her memory the truest homage to her merit. At Coppet, in the society of this

charming brother and sister, M. DE STAEL and Madame DE BROGLIE, now, alas! no more, were to be met all that was best and most intellectual of resident or of travelling notoriety. Old friends of their mother's—rising geniuses of the day—were there assembled in a style which partook of English comfort and French ease. M. DE STAEL spoke English more like an Englishman than any Frenchman I ever met; he, perhaps, affected Anglicism, but it was only the best part of English manner. Madame DE BROGLIE, though the Parisians lamented the redness of her hair and freckled complexion, "c'est malheureux le couleur de ces cheveux et ses taches," was, in appearance, conversation, and character, "charmante." M. DE BROGLIE has survived to act a noble part in the history of his country. He was, without affecting it, very English in appearance and manner: grave, and rather silent, he gave one the idea of a lofty character and high pursuits.

A frequent visitor at Coppet was ETIENNE DEMONT, one of Madame DE STAEL's sincerest friends. A man of first-rate abilities—his life the antipodes of MIRABEAU. MIRABEAU made his own all that he could grasp of other men's powers—DEMONT gave up to others all his own—his powers, his time, his fame, his life, he consecrated to MIRABEAU, to Madame DE STAEL, and to BENTHAM. A strange methodical enthusiasm was his distinguishing peculiarity. In conversation, he would repudiate and laugh to scorn the romanticists; in action, his romantic friendship was a total self-abnegation. Bred to the Genevan ministry, the *habitué* of Lansdowne and Holland-house, his conversation had as much knowledge of the world as knowledge of books—a combination of anecdote, literature, and good-natured sarcasm. In appearance, his coarse figure and bushy grizzled eyebrows formed a striking contrast to the youthful figure and picturesque countenance of Signor, or, as he was called, Monsieur, Rossi—his name, his brilliant career, his tragic end, are matters of history. He was at this time a friendless exile, making his way into notice. He was often at Coppet, for he had distinguished himself by his lectures on history at Geneva, where, when only just arrived from Italy, and scarcely able to express himself in French, he had, by mere force of genius, worked his fiery spirit forth, seized, rather than found, the words he wanted, and wrought the language to his will. His countenance expressed his genius and his character—dark, melancholy, and reflective—his habitual look was painful reverie, but when roused and interested, his eyes sparkled and beamed, and his conversation corresponded to his looks—abrupt, daring, and sometimes bitter: he was the representation of a patriot exile.

LA HARPE, who had been tutor to the Emperor ALEXANDER, was also sometimes at Coppet, and, though he had been tutor to ALEXANDER, he was not in the least like ARISTOTLE, but a very stupid fellow, in spite of a pair of fine black eyes. However, it was something to see a man who had taught the Czar of all the Russias.

Of Geneva Proper, were the PICTETS—PICTET DEODATI, who had a reputation from Madame DE STAEL, but had not much to say for it—and the two brothers—the Editor of *The Bibliothèque Britannique* and the Professor—the Editor was the ablest, but the least agreeable of the two: the Professor, lively, scientific, and kind-hearted, was on friendly terms with everybody. He was the life and soul of expeditions up the Salve or to Chamouni, and the mixed respect and familiarity of the guides towards "M. le Professeur" was equally creditable to both parties. He was admirable in a museum, and though much in society was the most amiable of family men; and his daughter, Madame VERNET, when he was placed on the stool of repentance, in the game of that name, could find no fault but that he put too much oil in the salad. This Madame VERNET had been, indeed, still was, a beauty. She was also very charitable and benevolent, and something of a Mrs. FRY. Her daughter, a child at this time, but who grew up, I believe, to be as beautiful as her mother, afterwards married M. DE STAEL.

DE CANDOLLE was considered at this time the great star of Geneva. The first of botanists, he was delightful in society: excelling in the French *art de disputer sans quereller*, he started and supported paradoxes with a grace and amiability that was worshipped by the Genevese. Rather low in figure, and not handsome, he had, though not then young, great life and brilliancy of countenance. Vain—but vanity is so much part of a

Frenchman, it is never the unwieldy affair it is with an Englishman: it is never awkward, it never knocks itself against the vanity of others.

SISMONDI was another star, and though not worshipped, he was as much loved as DE CANDOLLE: his friends were extremely attached to him. At first, to a stranger, his prodigious learning was rather oppressive: he seemed to drag a lengthened train of *les Républiques Italiennes*, but this dropped off, I believe, as one became more intimate with him. He was married to a very agreeable Englishwoman, and they were frequently to be met at Malagny, the residence of Dr. and Mrs. MARCET. Dr. MARCET, one of the most distinguished scientific experimentalists of the day, was kindness and hospitality itself. Swiss by birth, he had lived much in England, and, though with a foreign accent, he spoke English with perfect fluency, and Mrs. MARCET, though with an English accent, spoke French with the ease of a native, and made her house a home to all of her native and of her adopted country. Swiss by descent and by marriage, English by birth, she united the merits of both nations. "Sterling" was the word that always occurred to one's mind in her company. Quite beyond the possibility of affectation or of vanity, she had with her high capacity and her strong judgment and her plain direct probity of character—a candour, an allowance for the foibles of the old and the follies of the young, that made those who had the privilege of her friendship feel at once that she was a friend for life—sure that, in spite of her literary avocation, her duties to society and to her family, she would sympathize with and serve and pardon you through every difficulty.

Dr. MARCET's brother-in-law, M. PREVOST, was almost the oldest of the society—gentle, learned, and amiable, he was welcomed everywhere—Almost the oldest, but not the oldest: the patriarch was M. BONSTETTIN, the friend and correspondent of GRAY. It seemed incredible that far on in the first quarter of the nineteenth century one could speak to a man who had spoken to GRAY, the poet! He was, after all, more a curiosity than anything else. He had apparently all the intellect he ever possessed, and all his senses were as perfect as possible—but he had none of the dignity of age, and not very good taste in the juvenility he did not affect—but really had.

Madame NECKER DE SAUSSURE, uniting two such famous names, and herself famous for her notice upon Madame DE STAEL, and since for her work on education, was often at the *réunions* of this society: but I should have mentioned her at Coppet, for she was much there, and it was with her that the ability, the grace, and the goodness of the Duchesse DE BROGLIE shone most conspicuous. Madame NECKER DE SAUSSURE was deaf, and, at breakfast or dinner, Madame DE BROGLIE, seated beside her, would hear, collect, condense and repeat to her all that was said by all the company, so that her friend was absolutely able to join in the conversation, hearing, through her charming cousin, almost as well as if she heard directly herself.

Very different from either Mrs. MARCET or Madame NECKER DE SAUSSURE were Madame ACHARD and her daughter, Madame CONSTANT. Madame ACHARD was not an author, but she was highly cultivated, and with great abilities and great originality: she was rich, and altogether gave one the idea of the Geoffrin style of former Parisian society. She was skilled to lead or to follow in conversation, and possessed the art or the nature to bring forth, without appearing to draw out, the celebrities whom she assembled about her. Madame CONSTANT was as able—abler, perhaps, than her mother—a singular and interesting person. Their conversation was always original—that of persons who had thought and thought for themselves. Though well and even high bred in their manners, there was nothing conventional, in the subjects of which they talked.

Monsieur (for, in compliment to the Republic, he dropped the Sir FRANCIS by which he was known in England,) D'IVERNON was a celebrity too, and an entertaining person. Then there was blind HUBERT and his *Bee Romances*, and M. MAUVOIR, the ingenious and benevolent oculist. All these amiable and cultivated people met continually at each other's houses to breakfast or dinner—most excellent breakfasts and dinners they were, admirable *patés*, solid sort of creams, far superior to Devonshire, and rivalled only by those of Alsace, all the fish for which the lake is renowned, delicate quails which are found in abundance towards the end of summer, and mul-

berries, apricots, and pears in surpassing abundance: all with the most unaffected simplicity—a really republican freedom from all ostentation or vain-vying with each other. In the breakfast or dining-rooms was always a large buffet (to be sure they were painted a bright scarlet, which, in hot summer days, was very irritating,) from which, if anything was wanted, one of the young ladies of the house would bring it with the most graceful attention: not, as an English girl might, with an air expressive of her condescension, but with a real wish to oblige, and as if the buffet and her service were part of the system, and nothing to be ashamed of. Very lovely, too, these Genevese young ladies were—now all, I suppose, grandmothers, or dead and gone; but at this time there were many with classical features, clear complexions, and delicate colour, fine hair, and a cheerful innocent winning expression. They were well educated, and without any of the formality of person and manner which was to be seen in many of the matrons.

The evening meetings were, however, the commonest and the most agreeable. In the cool of the evening, the "char-a-bancs," or caleches, were heard—not in a noisy roar, as in a town, but with a cheerful easy roll along the level road which skirts the lake, smooth as a gravel walk, shaded by walnuts and oriental plane trees, through which are fitful views of the blue water and the white mountains. Arrived at the Campagne, the company dispersed about the lawn, which, of more or less extent, lay between the house and the lake. Some stood in groups, some sat under the trees, some strolled about. Here we had tea and coffee, and the famous Geneva cakes. All was easy, unconstrained, and cordial. The mixture of persons from all parts of the world added to the interest and liveliness of these meetings. English, Russians, Italians, Americans, and Germans were to be seen all together in these twilight groups, and while French predominated, English, Italian and German were often heard. The gangway of the world between France and Italy, Geneva has a continually shifting magic lantern of figures from all parts of the globe—shifting too quickly to leave any impress upon the national character, the passing mixture of people of such various habits, views, and shades of political parties, and of scientific, literary and military fame, prevented all stagnation of intercourse and all provincialism of discourse.

In one group, DUMONT telling, perhaps, the most brilliant repartees of TALLEYRAND, at another time talking to a Russian of Petersburg, where he had been a resident, or walking up and down with a German metaphysician, pointing out with much wit and much good nature the fallacies of his arguments. Here DE CANDOLLE would uphold one of his ingenious theories; delighted to be opposed, and happy in all the playful resources of a wordy war. Dr. MARCET and Professor PICTET were discussing some discovery or experiment in chemistry: SISMONDI, who considered himself half Italian, was, perhaps, in a knot of Italians, or of English travellers from Italy. Now separating into parties of two or three, now grouping together round the mistress of the house, now under the shade, now in the bright moonlight: here a merry laugh from mingled young and old: there an eager argument, and there a grave discussion. Looking at the most sublime scenes in nature, surrounded by able and excellent people, hearing rational and enlightened conversation in the calm and freshness of evening, with summer air and summer sounds, a more innocent and agreeable way of spending a social evening could hardly be devised. The "lulled waters," the ever-varying lights upon *notre* Mont Blanc, as the Genevese affectionately call it, the rosy lustre of the sunset, and the dead succeeding whiteness on the towering heights and peaks, the endless domes and aiguilles of the surrounding Alps, were sights to exalt and harmonise the soul; while, if there were in the assembled companies, the jealousies, tracassones, or political squabbles of a petty state, they did not come in the way of a foreigner. To a mere traveller, a bird of passage, political or religious differences would not appear, but they were really at this time few and mild. The Council of State was very dignified and inert—the Syndics walked about in a sort of court dresses, with swords and chapeaubras, looking very genteel and useless. No question of urgency at that time disturbed the citizens in political matters: in religious, nothing could be more mild and liberal. There were, in the principal church on Sunday, three different

services for three different religions. I did not hear any of the regular Genevese preachers: I do not know how far they were in accordance with the true Calvinistic faith. I did not reside in the city, but I attended one of the little country churches, where were the families of some neighbouring villas, with all the rustic population, and here the service was the very type of Puritan simplicity, with a short discourse suited to the congregation, homely and intelligible. A Mons. MALON was then beginning to make a noise as an evangelical preacher, and was afterwards admired in England. I did not hear him at Geneva. Our English service was always well attended, but we had not, at that time, any very favourable specimens of English preachers.

M. RAOUL ROCHET wrote a description of Geneva about the time when I visited it, in which he has satirised, I think unjustly, the manners and powers of the inhabitants. Such as it appeared to me, and as in the retrospection after so many years, it still appears to me, I have endeavoured to give a very slight sketch of it. It has since, I understand, lost its simplicity, taken to ostentatious entertainments, and fallen into political and religious fanaticism. At the time I speak of, the Continent was not so perfectly familiar to England as it has since become—travelling was not at that time such a regular business: there were no railroads—no steamer deformed the lake of Geneva, and there still existed many of the great minds which had been formed during the storms of the revolution. There was still remaining some of the energy of feeling excited by NAPOLEON and his wars—some of the life of strong sentiments and strong struggles. Men were to be met who had known BUONAPARTE, who had seen JOSEPHINE, who had written, or invented, or fought in the great resistance to a universal tyranny—men of learning or of science, soldiers and diplomatists. The impress of Madame DE STAEL's genius was still felt, and the charm, without the tenor, of her genius lived in the hearts of her countrymen. The common cause of Europe against a common enemy still gave a generality, an enlargement, to Genevan feeling. It was, for the time, one of a great whole united in a glorious and successful combat, and the petty views and petty struggles of a small sectarian state were lost and merged in the common cause. The intensity of NAPOLEON's character had made a corresponding intensity in his antagonists, and this intensity, this vitality in men's hearts and powers, had not at this time subsided to the inertness of uneventful peace, or turned into the narrow channels of native squabbles in politics or polemics. Such has been: such were not when I knew Geneva. Such as I see it in my retrospective glance I have described it.

D. F. F.

#### SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE DAY.

NOTES BY AN OBSERVER.

LITERATURE: *Definitive announcement of Dickens' new novel—New novel by Sir Edward Bulwer—New novel by Lady Bulwer on "Molière and his Times"—Mr. Grave on Molière—Life of Niebuhr under the superintendence of the Chevalier Bunsen—Niebuhr, Bunsen and the present King of Prussia—New Letters of the poet Gray—Lord Albemarle's Memoirs of Burke's Lord Rockingham—Murray's Official Handbook—Literary Almanac—The Biographical Magazine, and Biographical Dictionaries in general.—ART: Hannali's picture of Gabriel Harvey—Statues: William the Conqueror; Mme. de Sévigné; Gustavus Adolphus; Bernadotte; Kepler; the two Shelleys.—LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS: Museum of Practical Geology—Government School of Mines and of Science applied to the Arts: Objection to its dearness—London Reading-room, &c. Society.—THE PRESS: Its anonymity fast disappearing—Curious Advertisement and "Bell-Metal"—A Mr. Espinasse's forthcoming brochure in connection with the Provincial Press.*

THE fires on ten thousand hearths will burn more brightly, and ten thousand family-circles will have something to hope for, now that BRADBURY and EVANS have definitively announced "a new novel, by CHARLES DICKENS, Esq." A welcome once more to our ever-cheerful story-teller! and may it be long before people shake their heads and murmur: "DICKENS is falling off." Regarding them as a mere introduction to conversation, what a blank is created by the absence of his monthly visits. All through the land, young ladies and young gentlemen, and even old ladies



and old gentlemen of a certain stamp, are non-plussed when they can no longer begin their dialogue with a "Have you read the last number of So and So?" What a downcome now that they are reduced to the old and used-up formulas "Were you much out this season?" or, "Have you heard the Squallerini?" or even, "We shall have a severe winter, I think!"—BULWER, too, BENTLEY promises, is to give us a new novel, which, I hope, will be really a new one, and not merely a completion of that which he is publishing in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Certainly, whatever the faults of "our own wayward BULWER" (as Miss MARTINEAU fondly calls him,) a want of industry cannot be laid to his charge. What with novels, dramas, epics, Byronic, editorships, pamphlets, parliamenteering, electioneering, and even agitating when the interests of the drama and literature seem to require it, BULWER is as hard-working a man as any pale or ruddy-bustling compiler in the reading-room of the British Museum. Close beside him in the advertisement columns (though not in life) is Lady BULWER, who also announces a new novel, "Molière's Tragedy: his Life and Times," another of those "literary novels" which Mr. GRAVE lately predicted would soon be rife. Lady BULWER has taken the idea directly from GEORGE SAND, who recently produced, with considerable success on the Paris stage, a drama of "Molière," in which the poet was made the dupe of a heartless coquette. Our English authoress' title is rather lachrymose for the subject; since MOLIERE's life was by no means a tragic but on the whole a pleasant and successful one. It will be good, however, to be transported back in any way into the company of the capital old literary fellows of the *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*. People do not read MOLIERE now in England, though the English version of his *Tartuffe*, the *Hypocrite*, still occasionally emerges on the stage; it did so last season. SCRIBE, and persons of that kidney, have beaten him out of the field. But this is a melancholy topic for Mr. GRAVE, who reverts from his Grub-street cares to the time when he was a little boy, and glad to be pronounced unwell and be forbidden school, that he might lie a-bed and con *M. de Pourceaugnac*, or more appropriately still, *Le Malade Imaginaire*, while the blankets bounded with a laughter that belied alike his name and supposed condition. *Nessun maggior dolore, eccetera, eccetera*. I wipe away a tear, and proceed.

In the biographical department, the most important and acceptable announcement is a forthcoming English (I believe) *Life of Niebuhr*, under the superintendence of the Chevalier BUNSEN, the portly and hearty representative of Prussia at our court. NIEBUHR, the Roman historian,—everybody has heard and knows something of him. But everybody does not know the special claim that his memory has on BUNSEN; for the latter, though he has risen to be the Minister of Public Instruction and Foreign Representative of a great kingdom, was once (how strangely it sounds in English ears)—not even a calico-printer or a cotton-spinner,—but a poor student, NIEBUHR's humble amanuensis! A prodigy of learning, as unknown then as Mr. THOMAS WATTS of the British Museum Library, in comparison with his deserts, is unknown now, BUNSEN, the story runs, was in attendance on his employer, at that time Prussian minister at Rome, when the King of Prussia, then Crown Prince, paid NIEBUHR a visit. The conversation turned upon literary matters, and the Crown Prince made a statement which the humble amanuensis, bursting into the talk, took upon him flatly to contradict. Most Crown Princes (and some British commoners) would have flown into a passion. Not so our FREDERICK WILLIAM the Fourth of Prussia. He inquired into the character and history of the plain-spoken youth; found that he knew every language and literature under heaven, from Chinese and Coptic to Welsh and Icelandic; kept his eye on him, and gradually promoted him to be what he is. NIEBUHR's letters have, I think, been published, and some years ago a biography of him, founded on them, was attempted in *Tait's Magazine*, and broke down; but BUNSEN's will be the life. NIEBUHR was foolish enough to die of The Three Days of July, 1830, being a staunch conservative. As the French would say: *Tant pis pour lui!*

There are forthcoming a few other biographical and miscellaneous books, of minor interest, but worth a mention. HORACE WALPOLE's Correspondence is well-nigh exhausted; but letters of his friend and travelling tutor, GRAY, the poet,

still survive unprinted, and some of them are about to be published by a Rev. J. MITFORD, the biographer of GRAY, and editor of the recently published Walpole-Mason Correspondence. Those who remember the delightful and genial epistles (the first work, by the way, that sounded the praises of the "Lake country"), which already stand printed under the title of "Gray's Letters," will be glad of more. From Mr. BENTLEY's shop, again, is to come:—"Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham and his Contemporaries, from original letters and documents. By the Earl of ALBEMARLE." This is EDMUND BURKE's Rockingham. Mr. MURRAY, of Albemarle-street, announces, "The Danes and Northmen in England, Scotland, and Ireland," by Mr. WORSAAE, of Copenhagen, the well-known explorer of Northern Antiquities. And also, what has long been wanted, for *Beaton's Political Index* is obsolete, an "Official Handbook of Church and State," for which, so far as the "State" is concerned, the Return of "Salaries and Pensions," obtained a session ago by Mr. JOSEPH HUME, M.P., will have been a prime authority.

A Mr. PASSMORE EDWARDS, an editor in the "Peace," and "Short and Easy way to the Millennium" line, advertises as in preparation for 1852, a "Literary Almanac," which, just as a straw shows the direction in which the wind is blowing, is, in its own small way, a sign of the times. The same person announces the commencement, with the new year, of a much more important enterprise, namely, a *Biographical Magazine*, that is, a Universal Biographical Dictionary, in the Periodical form. Mr. GRAVE has more than once called attention to the scandalous deficiency which English literature presents in this respect. Our chief biographical dictionary is *Chalmers'* which is not only taken, for the most part, from the *Biographie Universelle*, but is some fifty years old, and, therefore, far behind our present information. ROSE's, the latest of any pretensions, is beneath contempt. So are the biographies in *The Penny Cyclopædia*, and other Encyclopædias. Some years ago, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge began one, with an overpowering flourish of trumpets, but it got no further than the letter A.; the public, very properly, declining to patronise a work which seemed to have for its sole object, the long-winded celebration of all the bores that the world wishes to forget. A thing called *The Peoples' Biographical Dictionary*, by one BEARD, a Socinian teacher in Manchester, which has a large circulation, is really and truly not worth the ink it costs to transcribe its title. Why do not the London booksellers unite to have a Universal Biography published, that might rival the French *Biographie Universelle*? Because the London Booksellers are intent on "Literature for the Rail!" The age of Booksellers is going out, and that of editors has come in; witness this attempt of Mr. PASSMORE EDWARDS! Why! the French not only have a *Biographie Universelle*, extending from ADAM to ZUMPT, but they have several *Biographies des Contemporains*—Biographical Dictionaries of illustrious contemporaries, from the French Revolution of 1789, to the present day. That would be the sort of work most likely to take in England just now. I find STERLING, in CARLYLE's lately published *Life* crying out for a Biographical Dictionary, after the model of the *Biographie Universelle*, with a man like CRAIK to superintend it." Any honest and intelligent effort in this direction, with or without "CRAIK," would, I am sure, pay.

Coming now to "Art," the first thing I have to chronicle, is an article in *The North British Review*, on "The Fine Arts in Edinburgh," which, after a paragraph on Edinburgh, becomes an Essay on Art in general; a kind of deception against which I decidedly protest. In pictorial Art, the chief recent phenomenon is a fine engraving of Mr. HANNAH's rather notable picture—*Harvey Demonstrating to Charles I. the Circulation of the Blood*; decidedly an original step, and one ably taken in the pictorial way. Of new statues, on the other hand, there is no lack. That of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR has been inaugurated at his birthplace, Falaise, a crowd of notabilities, provincial and metropolitan, "assisting," and old GUIZOT acting as spokesman. To Madame DE SEVIGNE, too, whom everybody calls "the most charming of letter-writers," although not one in a hundred-thousand ever read a single of her letters, the French talk of erecting a statue at Grignan in Provence, her death-place; and JULES JANIN has written a charming feuilleton, appealing for sub-

scriptions. At the Royal Foundry, Munich, there has just been cast a colossal equestrian statue of DUGALD DALGETTY's "Lion of the North," GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, from the model made at Rome by the well-known Swedish sculptor, FULBERG. The King is in the military costume of the Thirty years' War, and the statue is to be erected in the market-place of Gothenburg, in Swedeland. The burghers of Stockholm, likewise, have subscribed for a statue of their last King, BERNADOTTE, the French soldier, which has been modelled by the same sculptor, and is to be cast at the same place. I see, from the German newspapers, that the citizens of Weil, in Wurtemberg, are calling upon Germany to subscribe for the erection of a statue to a greater than any king, JOHANN KEPLER, the astronomer, whose birthplace was Weil. KEPLER starved during his lifetime; and now they are making him a statue. It is, as old SAMUEL JOHNSON used to say, "the way of the world." Our poor SHELLEY, too, who was hounded out of England, and his clever wife, the authoress of *Frankenstein*, they have just had a joint statue of them carved by Mr. WEEKES, an English sculptor of talent, and it is destined, the paragraphs say, for "Christchurch, Hants."

In one of those dialogues\* which occasionally take place between THE CRITIC and his most confidential contributor, Mr. HERODOTUS SMITH (I refer to the matter with a certain jealousy, for, though SMITH is a clever fellow, and my friend, he is not the only man who can talk), and in the latest of them which have been printed for the benefit of the public, there is a suggestion thrown out that Mechanics' Institutions should be supported by a public rate, and be officered by men of genius; and it is further alleged that as they are for the education of adults, there would be no opposition, even from the clergy, were the instruction given in them to be of a purely secular kind. Last week, I see from the Manchester newspapers, the Reverend Canon RICHSON, of that town, lectured in the Mechanics' Institution there on this very subject. The reverend canon, though a very quiet, is a rather remarkable man. It is he who is the real author of that scheme of education which is known as the new Manchester scheme, being an extension of the system at present pursued under the Minutes of Council on Education, and which bids fair to settle the education question for many a long year. The reverend canon takes, in some respects, the same view of the question of Mechanics' Institutions as that taken by THE CRITIC and HERODOTUS SMITH. He wishes for a local rate to support them, and that the instruction given in them should be purely secular. He advocates, too, what is very important—a change in their actual management. At present they are chiefly governed by self-elected committees of young men, ambitious, talkative, and senseless. What is wanted in a Mechanics' Institution is a man of sense, with authority, and hands untied—not the slave of a committee. Put a man of sense, says Mr. GRAVE, into anything—a ministry, a parliament, a newspaper, a literary journal, a shop, or whatever else, and the thing he meddles with will come to something. Let Canon RICHSON go on and prosper.

The Museum of Practical Geology was opened some weeks ago by Prince ALBERT—a highly useful and feasible museum. The other day, too, there was inaugurated the opening of "The Government School of Mines and of Science applied to the Arts in connection with that Museum," Sir HENRY DE LA BECHE delivering the inaugural discourse. Sir HENRY talked very glibly of the utility to miners and other humble persons of such an institution. Very true. But he forgot the terms of his institution: twenty pounds per annum here, and ten pounds there, and five pounds elsewhere; is that the scale of fees suited to miners and humble persons? Why should not London, the metropolis of the world, have, like Paris, the metropolis of Europe, a University with the best Professors and the best courses, free, gratis, and for nothing, open to all comers, like any church or chapel?

If the "Printers' Athenæum" does not make haste, and if the Whittington Club does not improve its arrangements and reduce its terms, they may, perhaps, be cut out by the newly-formed "London Reading and Waiting-room Company, for the establishment of Baths, Lavatories, Reading, Waiting, and Refreshment-rooms throughout the Metropolis." In Edinburgh, you can march, on payment of a penny, into one of

\* See "Dialogues for the Day," CRITIC, page 348.

† Mr. Grave's alleged jealousy is causeless.—ED. CRITIC.

the largest public rooms in Great Britain, and read all day long for that small fee, in the newspapers and periodicals of the world.

The anonymity of the press is fast departing. Mr. CARLYLE, in his *Life of Sterling*, has revealed who was the Thunderer of *The Times*, in the most powerful days of that paper. One by one, the chief writers in the metropolitan press of the present day are getting disclosed, and there is a willingness, and even an anxiety to have them disclosed, which did not exist a year or two ago, and which Mr. HERODOTUS SMITH will not fail to turn to account. There are symptoms, too, in the press, both metropolitan and provincial, of a desire really to lead and form public opinion, instead of, as heretofore, merely following and confirming it, which are highly gratifying. Yet such an advertisement as the following, copied from a contemporary, makes one smile:

TO GENTLEMEN OF CONSERVATIVE AND PROTECTIONIST PRINCIPLES.—The Proprietor of an old and influential Journal, extensively circulating in a Parliamentary District, who has other engagements now pressing upon his time, would take a Share Partner of moderate capital, or Dispose of the Concern on equitable terms. As, in the nature of things, there must be shortly a General Election, aspirants to Parliamentary honours, at a time when the National Interests in general, and the Agricultural and Productive Interests in particular, require representatives of sound constitutional principles, *this opportunity to secure, by the honourable means of a connexion with the Press, a seat in the Legislature, is a good one*; as also to Literary Gentlemen. Principals only will be treated with. Address, &c. &c.

A country newspaper, then, it would seem, is as good as the far-famed "Bell-metal" of St. Alban's. What revelations might be made in this department of things! *Apropos* of it, a Mr. ESPINASSE, in a forthcoming pamphlet, with a very unpromising title, "A Letter of Advice to W. B. Hodgson, Esq., LL.D., on his Accession to the Proprietorship of *The Manchester Examiner and Times*," promises to throw some curious light on the management of a certain section of the Provincial Press of England.

FRANK GRAVE.

## SCIENCE.

*Hunt's Handbook to the Official Catalogue of the Great Exhibition.* Vol. 2. London: Spicer & Co.

ALTHOUGH somewhat late, this volume is not valueless. It is a permanent record of the contents of the Exhibition, written by a scientific man in a popular manner, so as to be read and understood by the general public, not learned in technicalities. It is wonderful what a mass of useful knowledge is contained in this little book.

## HISTORY.

*A History of the English Railway; its Social Relations and Revelations, 1820—1845.* By JOHN FRANCIS, Author of "The History of the Bank of England," &c. In 2 vols. London: Longman and Co.

DR. LARDNER's laborious volume, from which *The Times* lately constructed a series of very remarkable articles, presented to us the *Science* of Railways, their construction, their management, their traffic, their profits and losses, and their effects upon the neighbourhoods through which they run. This was the *learning* of the subject, collected with extraordinary diligence, and imparted with that faculty for making the most difficult themes plain to the general intelligence, in the possession of which Dr. LARDNER is without a rival as a writer of popular science.

Mr. FRANCIS has a less ambitious aim, and he treats of quite a different branch of the history of railways. He concerns himself mainly with what may be termed the *personel* of railways—the sayings and doings of the railway people—the gossip of that world which has grown up within the greater world, until it has become a recognised power in Europe, and forms an element in the calculations of statesmen and parties. Hence is this *History of English Railways*, although not quite what its title would lead us to expect, a very amusing work, a book to be read, and which few who open it will fail to read, for it is a revelation of a phase in the social and commercial career of this country that will ever be memorable for the great enterprise, intellect and energy which it called into active existence, but also for

such a pandemonium of swindling, lying, avarice, extravagance, madness, infecting all ranks, as never before for so long a time and so largely disgraced a whole nation. Mr. FRANCIS has, indeed, mercifully sought to subdue the moral darkness of that terrible season, and he has bestowed great pains upon an endeavour to perform the proverbially fruitless task of washing a blackamoor. Yet, even in *his* pages, enough remains to make every honest Englishman hang his head with shame that his country should have been the scene of such doings, and that such noble names should have been associated with them. But when the complete History comes to be written hereafter by some person who is beyond the reach of contemporary sympathies, and who has not the commendable fear of giving pain to the living, the darkest page in the social and moral career of England will be found in that which was the brightest of her commercial prosperity—the era of the Railway Mania.

Sad it is, that an invention to which the world already is so much indebted, and which is destined to produce yet more invaluable improvements in the condition of its inhabitants, should owe its first great impulse to a saturnalia of sharpers, and fools, and madmen.

This general character of Mr. FRANCIS's work is not affected by the form in which he has cast it. He affects something like chronological order. With unnecessary elaboration, he even goes back to times long antecedent to railways, and tells us of the first roads in England, of the means of communication in the earliest times, of the pack horse, the first coach, the travelling carriage, and the pedlar. We are treated to an account of the introduction of turnpike roads, and how they were maintained by forced labour; of the dangers of travelling in those times; of the highwaymen who infested the roads; of the first proposal for a canal; of the famous Duke of BRIDGEWATER, and his engineer, BRINDLEY, all of which have been told in a popular form a hundred times before, and have no connexion with the railway, to which, however, the author arrives at last.

The first conception of a railway was a wooden tram-road, for which, after a short trial, iron was substituted, and at this point it remained for some time, an aid to the conveyance of minerals and merchandise over short distances, and would probably have there continued to this day but for the invention of the steam locomotive by GEORGE STEPHENSON. It is generally supposed that the first railway, in its present uses, was that between Liverpool and Manchester. Not so, however; according to Mr. FRANCIS, the honour is due to another line, the Stockton and Darlington, projected by Mr. PEASE, the Quaker M.P. This, it seems, was

### THE FIRST RAILWAY.

The great importance of the Liverpool and Manchester line has cast a shadow on that of the Stockton and Darlington; the former is ever looked to as the great starting-point of the modern rail, and practically this is true. In it the public was appealed to, and responded; it was a public trial, a public announcement to the people that a new power was to be exerted for their benefit. It was made with public money; it was opposed and supported by public men; it was to all intents and purposes the first public line. When the latter was projected, the proposal was limited to the conveyance of coal and other mineral products: its cost and capital did not exceed 250,000*l.*, although its extent was forty miles. But looked at in a higher point of view, it assumes a different appearance: it was the first line which tested the great continued power of the locomotive; it was the first railway which witnessed the public *début* of the great mind which projected it; it was the first railway which really showed how much between two towns, the personal intercourse of which was trifling, facile and cheap communication would increase that intercourse. Its act of incorporation was obtained in 1821, it was opened in 1825. Its promoters had only anticipated the carriage of 10,000 tons per annum; they had not thought of passengers; and the locomotive appeared incapable of acquiring the regularity required by such traffic. They began their work, therefore, with animal power. Prior to the formation of this railroad, there had been a coach traffic of fourteen or fifteen persons weekly; the rail increased it to five or six hundred. Each carriage was drawn by one horse, bearing in ordinary cases six passengers inside and from fifteen to twenty outside: "in fact," says one writer, "they do not seem to be at all particular, for in cases of urgency they are seen crowding the coach on the top, sides, or in any other part where they can get a footing; and they are frequently so numerous that when they descend from the coach and begin to separate it looks like the dismissal of a small congregation." The general speed

with one horse was ten miles an hour. Another advantage conferred on the neighbourhood was in the unjust fact that the Stockton and Darlington Railway were assessed in the amount of their net income, and paid in some parishes half the entire rates. In addition to the social advantages which accrued from increased communication—and who shall doubt the fireside union, the social pleasure, and the domestic happiness it conferred?—was the development of commerce, and the increased importance of the various places through which it passed. A new trade in lime arose; the carriage in lead was enormously reduced in cost; the price of coals fell from 18*s.* to 8*s.* 6*d.*; the landowners received large sums for gravel, timber, and stone, taken from their estates. An obscure fishing village was changed into a considerable seaport town. The Stockton and Darlington Railway turned the shopkeeper into a merchant, erected an exchange, gave bread to hundreds, and conferred happiness on thousands.

However, the great impulse was given by the Liverpool and Manchester, the opening of which was signalled by the melancholy death of Mr. HUSKISSON, who had taken the most lively interest in the experiment, and who was, by a strange fate, destined to be its first victim.

When the prospectus of this railway first appeared, it was received, as are all new projects, with unbounded hostility; the would-be wise shook their heads; the zanies of society cracked jokes upon it; the haters of novelty abused it because it was *new*; the jealous, who dread anything that may fill the thoughts of men to the exclusion of themselves, assailed it with reproaches; and last, though not least, the *interests*, who thought that the innovation might affect their own pockets, joined in a howl against the impudent proposal to dispense with horses and carry the public along at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The same weapons were wielded against it which at all times and everywhere are employed for the destruction or damaging of discoveries and improvements. Professors *proved* to demonstration that it *could* not succeed. It was openly preached against as impious; the fears and prejudices of the public were sought to be enlisted against it; life would not be safe; property would be annihilated; it could never pay the promoters; it was republican and revolutionary; the constitution would be destroyed if such new devices were endured. Still the energetic men of the North, who were then but beginning to put forth the power which they have since so often employed in aid of the progress of civilisation and social and national improvement, confident that they were in the *right*, persisted in their resolve to try the experiment, undeterred even by a solemn warning that appeared in *The Quarterly Review*, and which can never be too often flung in the face of those who systematically array themselves against progress. Thus wrote *The Quarterly Review* in 1825. "The gross exaggeration of the powers of the locomotive steam engine, or, to speak more plainly, the steam carriage, may delude for a time, but must end in the mortification of those concerned. \* \* \* It is certainly some consolation to those who are to be whirled at the rate of *eighteen or twenty miles an hour*, by means of the high-pressure engine, to be told that they are in no danger of being sea-sick while they are on shore; that they are not to be scalded to death nor drowned by the bursting of the boiler, and that they need not mind being shot by the scattered fragments, or dashed in pieces by the flying off, or the breaking of a wheel. But, with all these assurances, we should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off by one of CONGREVE's rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate. \* \* \* We will back old Father Thames against the Woolwich Railway for any sum."

Is it strange that oracles which could prove thus false should have since lost all influence over public opinion; and that warnings and arguments of *The Quarterly* should be no more thought of by society than the drivelling of a monthly nurse?

The subsequent history of railway progress is within the personal experience of every reader, but the lively and gossiping narrative of Mr. FRANCIS will revive in the memory, in a continuous and connected form, incidents now almost forgotten, and link together, as having important mutual bearings, many that might, perhaps, be recollected only as isolated occurrences. His anecdotes of the personages who have played the most prominent parts in the construction of the huge railway system are very amusing. As might have been expected from a contemporary, his reminiscences and sketches are, for the most part,



complimentary; he shows us the bright side which belongs to all men, and hides from us the dark one. He strives, not without success, to relieve Mr. HUDSON from a portion of the obloquy that has attached to him; and some of the anecdotes of the deposed Railway King are certainly creditable to his heart. This is his

#### CHARACTER OF MR. HUDSON.

He did great good by stealth; he availed himself of his riches to assist the needy; he has helped scores of persons through improvident or unfortunate undertakings; he has made loans to many without the slightest prospect of repayment. The widow—it is a bold assertion—never appealed in vain; and the orphan rarely left him unrelieved. To literary men he was peculiarly and especially kind. The poor clergyman—and, to our shame, there are too many such—found in him a fast friend; poor artists—and they form too numerous a class—were never forgotten. With a well-founded case of distress the most thorough stranger was rarely if ever denied. Much of his munificence, like that of an Abraham Goldsmit, was spontaneous. Many a one has been benefited who never knew from whom the favour came. Many an embarrassed family has been relieved who never saw the almsgiver. He has made speculations in grain, and told his agent to give the profit away, if profit there were; he has bought shares, and directed his broker to hand the gain to others, if gain accrued; he has maintained in credit many who must otherwise have been ruined. Where a ten, or twenty, or even a fifty-pound note would relieve the affliction of individuals or soothe the distress of families, it was unhesitatingly given. Of such the cases are legion. Nor was an application always necessary. Without an appeal, but from natural good feeling, he has directed payments to be made to many whom he thought required it; he has purchased shares in the market and given them to those whom he thought were deserving. Of the labouring community he was the sincere friend, and instances are not wanting of some who, now holding an elevated position, owe it entirely to Mr. HUDSON. Those around him partook of his kindness. It needed no intercession of others, and no interference of their own, to procure a pecuniary advantage. It is a pleasure to record that his household servants were not forgotten in the allocation of his benefits.

Nor was it in money matters only that his disposition was shown. If he were offended, he always tried to forget it. If any one transgressed, he was always willing to forgive. His chief failing, and it is a remarkable thing to assert of such a man, is the leniency of his disposition.

In one conclusion all impartial persons will agree, that, let the offences of Mr. HUDSON be what they may, the treatment of him by his quondam worshippers was detestable. They fawned upon him with unparalleled baseness while fortune was, as they thought, at his disposal; they were willing to support and to applaud his proceedings so long as they were profitable, and a share of the profits was likely to fall to them. It was only when the devices failed of their object, and shares could no longer be raised by means of them to a fictitious value, that those who were disappointed of plunder turned round and joined in a disgraceful howl against the man they had abetted, for doing that which they had desired him to do, hoping probably, by this intensity of obprobrium, to shift from themselves the charge of being participators. Far, far more hateful than any conduct of Mr. HUDSON's was that of his titled minions. He was not worse than they, only he filled a more prominent place, and on him lighted the concentrated fury which was due to all alike.

We had intended to conclude, with a few scattered gleanings, our notice of a work which has no pretension to permanency, but which will be very pleasant reading until the time and the man shall come to give us a real "History of our Railways," but other claims of the season forbid, and we must reluctantly close with a hearty recommendation of it as being a capital book-club book.

*Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest.* By AGNES STRICKLAND. A new edition, revised and greatly augmented. Vol. IV. London: Colburn and Co.

THIS is the fourth volume of the new, enlarged, embellished, and yet cheap edition of Miss STRICKLAND's famous biographies of the Queens, which have served to reveal to us more of the manners, customs, and domestic life of our ancestors than all that the formal historians have done. A work so popular and so deeply interesting, which all who have not read must wish to read,

and all who read must desire to possess, is thus wisely presented to the public in a form and at a price that render it accessible to persons of moderate means. But it has not on that account received the less regard from author and publisher. Miss STRICKLAND has introduced a great deal of new matter, accumulated since the first edition appeared, and has made some corrections. Messrs. COLBURN and Co. have produced a peculiarly beautiful specimen of typography: the print and paper are excellent, and a portrait in steel of each of the Queens has been added. The present volume is entirely devoted to Queen ELIZABETH, about whom Miss STRICKLAND has collected a most extraordinary mass of new and curious information. She is treated of in two characters, first, as Princess, then as Queen Regnant, and it must be confessed that in neither of them does "the good Queen Bess" present herself in a very amiable, or even in a very virtuous aspect.

*The Pursuivant of Arms, or Heraldry founded upon Facts.* By J. R. PLANCHE, F.S.A. London: Wright.

"HERALDRY," says Mr. PLANCHE, "has been contemptuously termed, the science of fools with long memories." We agree with him that "there is more wit than wisdom in this remark." It has been made ridiculous by the extravagances of its votaries, who "have furnished even ADAM with a coat of arms." But this is an abuse of a study which, rightly and reasonably pursued, will throw much light upon history, and which has, moreover, the practical value of inspiring in the descendants of the truly great a desire to emulate the virtues of the family they represent. Mr. PLANCHE sees in it a further use. He considers that a general knowledge of the arms of our principal English families will "form a sort of artificial memory for the young student of English history, and give additional interest to the details of the deeds of those who bore them."

In this spirit, Mr. PLANCHE proceeds to describe heraldry philosophically, a term which we prefer to scientifically, because he rather abjures what is called the science of heraldry, and his very purpose is to investigate its meanings; thus making in this the same distinction as we recognise between the botanist and the physiologist. As such we can introduce this volume to our readers, assuring them that, whatever contempt they may have felt for heraldry as it is usually taught, they will here see and profit by it in another character, as an aid to history.

*Welsh Sketches, chiefly Ecclesiastical, to the Close of the Twelfth Century.* By the Author of "Proposals for Christian Union." London: Darling.

NINE chapters of historical recollections of ancient Wales, the subjects treated of being Bardism, the Kings of Wales, the Welsh Church, Monastic Institutions, and a Memoir of GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS. Like a genuine antiquarian, the author commences his account of the Bards with the Deluge! But although he rides his hobby somewhat roughly, it must be admitted that he has gathered together a great deal of curious information, as we might have proved by many amusing extracts, had space permitted.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

*A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica.* By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, A. L. S. Assisted by RICHARD HILL, Esq. London: Longman and Co.

He is but half a naturalist who has only studied animated nature in books or in a museum. Let him be ever so learned in comparative anatomy, in form, colour, and their adaptations to climate, food and dwelling-place, he will be but a dull and lifeless writer of Natural History, if he have not also seen the living creatures in their homes and haunts, marked their movements, their faculties, their intelligence, their strength or their cunning. There is an inexpressible charm in pictures of animated nature taken upon the spot by a congenial observer. Who has not revelled in the descriptions of WHITE, of SPENCER, of WILSON, of AUDUBON, of WATERTON, of JESSE, of MUDIE, because they were taken from the life, because they were imbued with the spirit of the places in which they were gathered—the forest, the mountain, the prairie, where nature reigns in all her wild beauty, undeformed by the training of human hand; because there is always mingled with these visitings of the wild creatures in their own wild homes more or less of adventure, of labour and peril profitably undergone for the sake of knowledge.

Heartily then be the welcome given to a worthy

addition to the illustrious array of real out-of-door naturalists, in the person of Mr. GOSSE. In his preface he proclaims his notion of what a naturalist should be, and in his volume he has shown how well he has carried out his own conception. Justly does he complain that natural history is "far too much a science of dead things: a necrology," conversant with dry skins, furred or feathered, with objects "impaled on pins and arranged in rows in cork drawers." To describe such things, and give them hard Græco-Latino-English names is supposed by many to be Natural History! Is it? Hear Mr. GOSSE.

"History is the record of the actions of men, their relations to other men, the circumstances in which they acted, their characters, &c. \* \* So that alone is worthy to be called *Natural History* which investigates and records the condition of living things, of things in a state of nature; if animals, of living animals; which tells of their sayings and doings, their varied notes and utterances, songs and cries; their actions in ease and under the pressure of circumstances; their affections and passions towards their young, towards each other, towards other animals, towards man; their various arts and desires to protect their progeny, to procure food, to escape from their enemies, to defend themselves from attack, &c. \* \* This would be indeed *zoology*, or the science of living creatures. And, if we have their portraits, let us have them drawn from the life, while the bright eyes are glancing, and the flexible features express the emotions of the mind within, and the hues, so often fleeting and evanescent, exist in their unchanged reality, and the attitudes are full of the elegance and grace that free, wild nature assumes."

This is well said, and the author has successfully accomplished his ideal of a Natural History of a particular district. Having lately resided for eighteen months in Jamaica, he devoted almost the entire period to investigation of the animated nature of the island; his descriptions were written on the spot, the result of no hasty observation, but of protracted acquaintance with the objects "in which feature after feature was delineated, and line after line was added, from time to time." Mr. GOSSE has mingled with these portraits glowing descriptions of the beautiful or magnificent scenery amid which they were taken, and although a diary was their original form, he has not observed this order in the volume, but dislocated it for the purpose of giving in one paper the account of each animal from notes made at many different times.

Like all who have written Natural History in this manner, Mr. GOSSE's style partakes of the picturesqueness of his occupation. His descriptions are singularly accurate, without being tedious, and with an artist's touch he brings his subject before the mind of the reader. How various and attractive the information collected will be seen by the contents, which comprise Kingston and Port Royal, Alligator Pond, Bluefields Bay, a Market Day, Bluefields, Mountain and River Lizards, Sea Urchins, a Ride to Content, Insects, a Ride to Kilmarnock, the Venus Lizard, Inverary, Mountain Gardens, Birds and Flowers, the Chigoe Filla, Curious Fishes, the Bamboo, Fish and Fishing, Lizards, Snakes, Negro Proper Names, &c., &c. and eight coloured prints introduce some of the most remarkable objects to the eye.

Such a work, of course, offers a most tempting mine for extract. We might fill an entire *Critic* with amusing passages; our difficulty consists in choosing where there is so much from which to choose. But having gleaned a few scraps which will exhibit the quality of the contents, we must leave the reader, who may be attracted by them, to seek for more of equal or even greater interest in the work itself.

Let us first introduce

#### THE VENUS LIZARD.

One day in February, having ascended the ridge with a companion, my attention was arrested by a lizard about a foot long, and of a lively green colour, on the trunk of a small tree, head downward, intently watching our motions as we stood near. My young friend suggested the possibility of capturing it by slipping a noose over its head, while its attention was engaged by whistling. I laughingly proceeded to try the spell; and having made a noose of small twine, which I tied to the end of a switch, I gently walked towards him whistling a lively tune. To my astonishment, he allowed me to slip the noose over his head, merely glancing his bright eye at the string as it passed. I jerked the switch; the music ceased; and the green-coated forester was sprawling in the air, dangling, greatly to his annoyance

at the end of my string. He was very savage, biting at everything near; presently his colour began to change from green to blackish, till it was of a uniform bluish black, with darker bands on the body, and a brownish black on the tail; the only trace of green was just around the eyes. I carefully secured, without injuring him, and brought him home in the collecting basket; into which I had no sooner put him, than he fiercely seized a piece of linen in his teeth, and would not let it go for several hours. I transferred him to a wired cage, linen and all; and at length he suddenly let go his hold, and flew wildly about the cage, biting at anything presented to him. At night I observed him vividly green as at first; a token, as I presumed, that he had in some measure recovered his equanimity.

The next day he continued very fierce. I hung the cage out in the sun. Two or three times in the course of the day, I observed him green; but for the most part he was black. The changes were rather quickly accomplished.

After he had been in my possession about four days, I observed him one morning sloughing his skin; the delicate epidermis, loosened from the body and legs, looked like a garment of thin white muslin, split irregularly down the legs and toes, and separated from that of the tail, on which the integument yet adhered unbroken. Throughout the day the loosened skin hung about the animal, though more and more loosely. He had not abated a whit of his fierceness; leaping at a stick pointed at him, and seizing it forcibly with his teeth.

Another individual, caught in the same locality and and by the same device, I introduced into the cage of the former, who did not offer any molestation to the intruder. After they had remained in my possession, the one about six weeks, the other about four, they both died, almost on the same day, and both in the process of sloughing. In this operation the skin appears to be first separated from the head; for in one of these it was perfectly loose from the whole head, and was removable in one piece, but to the neck and entire body it still adhered by organic union. I suspect that the sloughing of the skin is, at least sometimes, the result of universal excitement. All that I have taken alive and caged (amounting to many individuals), after most violent behaviour at first, soon sloughed; usually the very next day.

Animal life of all kinds is exuberant in the tropics, but pre-eminently abundant are

#### THE REPTILES OF JAMAICA.

One feature with which a stranger cannot fail to be struck on his arrival in the island, and which is essentially tropical, is the abundance of the lizards that everywhere meet his eye. As soon as ever he sets foot on the beach, the rustlings among the dry leaves, and the dartings hither and thither among the spiny bushes that fringe the shore, arrest his attention; and he sees on every hand the beautifully coloured and meek faced ground lizard (*ameiva dorsalis*), scratching like a bird among the sand, or peering at him from beneath the shadow of a great leaf, or creeping stealthily along with its chin and belly upon the earth, or shooting over the turf with such a rapidity, that it seems to fly rather than run. By the roadsides, and in the open pastures, and in the provision grounds of the negroes, still he sees this elegant and agile lizard; and his prejudices against the reptile races must be inveterate indeed, if he can behold its gentle countenance, and timid but bright eyes, its chaste but beautiful hues, its graceful form and action, and its bird-like motions, with any other feeling than admiration.

As he walks along the roads and lanes that divide the properties, he will perceive at every turn the smooth and trim little figure of the wood-slaves (*mabonya agilis*), basking on the loose stones of the dry walls; their glossy, fish-like scales, glistening in the sun with metallic brilliance. They lie as still as if asleep; but, on the intruder's approach, they are ready in a moment to dart into the crevices of the stones, and disappear until the danger is past.

If he looks into the outbuildings of the estates, the mill-house, or the boiling-house, or the cattle-sheds, a singular croaking sound above his head causes him to look up; and then he sees clinging to the rafters, or crawling sluggishly along with the back downward, three or four lizards, of form, colour, and action very diverse from those he has seen before. It is the gecko, or croaking lizard (*thecadactylus laevis*), a nocturnal animal in its chief activity, but always to be seen in these places, or in hollow trees, even by day. Its appearance is repulsive, I allow, but its reputation for venom is libellous and groundless.

The stranger walks into the dwelling-house. Lizards, lizards, still meet his eye. The little anoles (*a. iodurus*, *a. opalinus*, &c.) are chasing each other in and out between the jalousies, now stopping to protrude from the throat a broad disk of brilliant colour, crimson or orange, like the petal of a flower, then withdrawing it,

and again displaying it in coquettish play. Then one leaps a yard or two through the air, and alights on the back of his playfellow; and both struggle and twist about in unimaginable contortions. Another is running up and down on the plastered wall, catching the ants as they roam in black lines over its whitened surface; and another leaps from the top of some piece of furniture upon the back of the visitor's chair, and scampers nimbly along the collar of his coat. It jumps on the table;—can it be the same? An instant ago it was of the most beautiful golden green, except the base of the tail, which was of a soft, light, purple hue; now, as if changed by an enchanter's wand, it is of a sordid, sooty brown all over, and becomes momentarily darker, and darker, or mottled with dark and pale patches of a most unpleasing aspect. Presently, however, the mental emotion, whatever it was, anger, or fear, or dislike, has passed away, and the lovely green hue sparkles in the glancing sunlight as before.

He lifts the window-sash; and instantly there run out on the sill two or three minute lizards of a new kind, allied to the gecko, the common palette-tip: (*sphaeriodactylus argus*.) It is scarcely more than two inches long, more nimble than fleet in its movement, and not very attractive.

In the woods he would meet with other kinds. On the trunks of the trees he might frequently see the Venus (*dactyloa Edwardsii*), as it is provincially called; a lizard much like the anoles of the houses, of a rich grass-green colour, with orange throat-disk, but much larger and fiercer: or, in the eastern parts of the island, the great iguana (*cyclura lophoma*), with its dorsal crest like the teeth of a saw running down all its back, might be seen lying out on the branches of the trees, or playing bo-peep from a hole in the trunk; or, in the swamps and morasses of Westmoreland, the yellow galliwasp (*celestus occidentus*), so much dreaded and abhorred, yet without reason, might be observed sitting idly in the mouth of its burrow, or feeding on the wild fruits and marshy plants that constitute its food.

A more pleasant subject for contemplation, and as exhibiting Mr. Gosse's powers of description on a different theme, we present his sketch of

#### A COUNTRY HOUSE IN JAMAICA.

As Jamaica houses are commonly built on one principle, I will briefly describe it. The furnished part of the house is all on the same level, forming, what we should call, the first floor; the whole of the ground-floor being devoted to store rooms and cellars. An arched passage open at each end leads through the house, beneath the dwelling apartments, from the road in front to the yard behind.

A flight of stone steps, with iron balustrades, on which run beautiful twining and creeping plants, such as the lovely crimson quamoclit, the wax-like hoyo carnososa, and others, leads the visitor up to the front door; and he is immediately ushered into a spacious hall, of the form of a cross, extending the whole length and breadth of the house. This large hall is characteristic of all Jamaica houses: it forms the principal sitting-room, and, from its shape, admits the cooling breeze to sweep through it, whenever there is a breath of air. The two square areas formed by one side of the cross are filled by bedrooms; but with these exceptions, the whole of the sides and ends of the hall are either occupied by windows, or open, and furnished with jalousies, a broad sort of transverse Venetian blinds, which freely admit the air, while they exclude the glare of light which in this country is scarcely less distressing than the heat. This large and cool apartment is furnished with sofas, ottomans, tables, chairs, &c., not differing from ours; but there is no fireplace, nor any carpet. Instead of the latter, the floor is made of the most beautiful of the native woods, in the selection of which much taste is often displayed, as also in the arrangement, so that the various colours of the wood may harmonise or contrast well with each other. Mahogany, greenheart, breadnut, and bloodheart, are among the trees whose timber is employed for floors. Great hardness is an indispensable requisite in the wood used, and capability of receiving a high polish, which is given and maintained with great labour. Scarcely anything surprises an European more than to tread on floors as beautifully polished as the finest tables of our drawing-rooms. The mode in which the gloss is daily renewed is curious: if the visitor should peep out of his bedroom about dawn of day, he would see some half-a-dozen sable handmaids on their knees in the middle of the floor, with a great tray full of sour oranges cut in halves. Each maid takes a half-orange, and rubs the floor with it until its juice is exhausted; it is then thrown aside, and the process is continued with another. When the whole floor has been thus rubbed with orange-juice, it is vigorously scrubbed with the half of a cocoa-nut husk; the rough fibres of which, acting as a stiff brush, soon impart such a reflective power to the hard wood, as would put Day and Martin into ecstasies. After the

last touch is given, it is amusing to see the precautions taken by the waiting maids to avoid dimming its beauty. The preparation for breakfast, and various other duties, performed by servants with bare feet, would seem to make it impossible that the floor should remain untarnished; but it does; and it is thus managed. The girl takes two pieces of linen cloth, and sets one foot upon each, then with her great toe and its next neighbour she grasps a pinch of the cloth (for the negroes' toes are almost as effective as fingers), and thus scuffles about the floor; practice enabling them to do this with facility, without their feet ever coming into contact with the wood.

But we must return to the reptiles, who are certainly favourites with Mr. Gosse, for a curious account of

#### THE BLACK SNAKE.

It climbs with facility, mounting perpendicularly the smooth trunk of a tree, and gliding along the branches, on which it loves to lie in the sun. If alarmed, it will sometimes move along the branch, but generally drops to the ground, lowering its fore parts gradually, but very quickly, and letting go with the tail last of all. The mode in which colubrine snakes (and, perhaps, others) mount trees is, I think, misunderstood. We see them represented in engravings as encircling the trunk or branches in spiral coils; but this, though it may do well for stuffed specimens in a museum, is not the way in which a living snake mounts a tree. It simply glides up with the whole body extended in a straight line, doubtless clinging by means of the tips of the expanded ribs, as we can see that the body is perceptibly dilated and flattened. In fact, a snake finds no more difficulty in passing swiftly up the vertical trunk of a tree than in gliding over the ground. I have been astonished to remark how slight a contact is sufficient for it to maintain its hold. The black snake will allow the greatest part of its body to hang down in the air, and thus remain still, while little more than the tail maintains its position by clinging (straight, not spirally, and not half round it, but longitudinally along it) to the upper surface of a branch; and it will often pass freely and gracefully from one branch to another at a considerable interval, projecting its head and body with the utmost ease across the interval. The motions of a snake in a tree are beautifully easy and free, and convey the impression that the reptile feels quite at home among the branches.

This is a bold and fierce snake, often turning when struck, and approaching its assailant with the head erected in a most menacing attitude; the mouth opened to its widest extent. I have seen one thus endeavouring to attack when foiled by being struck, and thrown off by a stick, at length become quite enraged; the neck being dilated to nearly an inch in width, and perfectly flattened, so that the white skin could be seen within the scales.

Tollentemque minas et sibila colla tumentum.

VING. Georg. iii. 421.

It is this dilatation of the neck, but in a much higher degree, which gives so remarkable an appearance to the deadly najas or cobras of Africa and India. A black snake, which I had tied by the neck with a string while I made a sketch of it, struck fiercely at me with gaping jaws as far as its cord would allow every time I looked up or down. The Creoles say, that if a dog attacks it, it always strikes at his eyes, and not unfrequently produces blindness.

The landscape sketches are not the least pleasing and interesting portions of this volume. There is poetry in the following picture of

#### MOONLIGHT IN THE TROPICS.

There is something exceedingly romantic in the nights of the tropics. It is pleasant to sit on the landing place at the top of the flight of steps in front of Bluefields House, after night has spread her "purple wings" over the sky, or even to lie at full length on the smooth stones; it is a hard bed, but not a cold one, for the thick flags, exposed to the burning sun during the day, become thoroughly heated, and retain a considerable degree of warmth till morning nearly comes again. The warmth of the flat stones is particularly pleasant, as the cool night breezes play over the face. The scene is favourable for meditation; the moon "walking in brightness," gradually climbing up to the very centre of the deep blue sky, sheds on the grassy sward, the beasts, lying down here and there, the fruit trees, the surrounding forest, and the glistening sea spread out in front, a soft but brilliant radiance unknown to the duller regions of the north. The babbling of the little rivulet, winning its seaward way over the rocks and pebbles, comes like distant music upon the ear, of which the bass is supplied by the roll of the surf falling on the sea-beach at measured intervals,—a low hollow roar, protracted until it dies away along the sinuous shore, the memorial of a fierce but transitory sea-breeze. But there are sweeter sounds than these.



The mocking-bird takes his seat on the highest twig of the orange tree at my feet, and pours forth his rich and solemn gushes of melody, with such an earnestness as if his soul were in his song. A rival from a neighbouring tree commences a similar strain, and now the two birds exert all their powers, each striving his utmost to outstrip the other, until the silence of the lonely night rings with bursts and swells, and tender cadences of melodious song. Here and there, over the pasture, the intermittent green spark of the firefly flits along, and at the edges of the bounding woods scores of twinkling lights are seen, appearing and disappearing in the most puzzling manner. Three or four bats are silently winging along through the air, now passing over the face of the vertical moon like tiny black specks, now darting through the narrow arch beneath the steps, and now flitting so close over head that one is tempted to essay their capture with an insect net. The light of the moon, however, though clearly revealing their course, is not powerful or precise enough for this, and the little nimble leather wings pursue their giddy play in security.

And these are the

#### NOCTURNAL FOREST SOUNDS.

Various and strange are the sounds which strike the ear of one nighted in the forests of Jamaica. Some of these are the voices of night birds, the rapid articulations of the Piramidig, the monotonous call or startling scream of the White Owl, the shrill wail of the dusky Owl, the hoot of the Potoo, or the loud and reiterated cries of the Clucking-ben, and some which are insect sounds. But, besides these, there are some which are certainly produced by reptiles, though it is difficult to identify them. Nearly every night, at certain seasons, there ascends from the woods around Content a continual snoring of various tones, the voices of numberless tree-frogs, or, as they are here called, toads. They are said to reside in the large ventricose leaves of the greater wild pines, especially that fine one, *Tillandsia lingulata*, which, about the end of July, sends up a magnificent flower, somewhat like a huge carnation, with broad outer petals of a rich crimson hue and polished surface, and a cluster of smaller interior ones of pale yellow. In the coolness and moisture of those natural reservoirs, always half full of water, collected from rains and dews, the tree-frogs delight to lie, finding in them circumstances eminently congenial for the maintenance of cutaneous humidity, so essential in these reptiles for respiration. They are very rarely seen, and, but for their vocal powers by night, we should scarcely be aware of their existence; the number and universality of these sounds, however, in the mountain-woods, during the hours of darkness, prove that they are very abundant. Even when seen by day, their agility in leaping renders it a difficult matter to lay hands on them. The sounds in question bear a strong resemblance to the objurgations of an inveterate snorer, but are much louder; or sometimes remind one of the groaning and working of a ship's timbers in a heavy gale at sea. These are probably the voices of some of the greater Hyladæ. But there are other and different noises still. While I am writing this note at Content, it is a lovely night in June, all around I am saluted with strange sounds. Now and then comes the singularly harsh and cracked voice of the Gecho, like the notes of a child's fancy trumpet, or like a stick drawn across the teeth of a comb: this I am familiar with. But I hear another voice, far more abundant, but quite unknown to me. It is now (about midnight) coming up from every part of the moonlit forest below me, with incessant pertinacity. It is a clear shrill note, so like the voice of a bird, and, in particular, so like that of the Solitaire, that it might be easily mistaken for it, but for the inappropriate hour and the locality. Like that it is beautifully trilled or shaken, and, like it, the individual voices are not in the same key. As I now listen to the mingling sounds, I distinguish two particularly prominent, which seems to answer each other in quick but regular alternation; and between their notes there is the difference of exactly a musical tone. I have little doubt but this is the sexual call of some tree-frog. The groanings and snorings which are sometimes so incessant, I do not now hear, except one such sound now and then in the course of an evening.

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Travels in European Turkey in 1850, through Bosnia, Servia, Bulgaria, Macedonia, Thrace, Albania, and Epirus; with a Visit to Greece and the Ionian Isles; and a Homeward Tour through Hungary and the Slavonian Provinces of Austria and the Lower Danube.* By EDMUND SPENCER, Esq., Author of "Travels in Circassia," &c. &c. In 2 vols. London: Colburn and Co. 1851.

*Thoughts on the Land of the Morning; a Record of*

*Two Visits to Palestine.* By W. H. WHITAKER CURTTON, M.A., Vicar of Icklesham, Sussex. London: Hatchard. 1851.

*The Island World of the Pacific.* By the Rev. HENRY T. CHEEVER, Author of "The Whale and his Captors." London: Collins.

We never remember a publishing season so fruitful of Voyages and Travels as this has been. It would be impossible to devote a separate notice to each of them, without sacrificing all other subjects, nor, indeed, is there anything in the generality of these many claimants upon the critic's regards, to justify more than such a brief and general description of their contents as may serve to inform the reader what parts of this travelled globe of ours the writers have visited, and in what style they discourse of the sights they have seen.

Of the group whose titles appear above by far the most interesting in its subject and composition is Mr. SPENCER's *Travels in European Turkey*. It is a more substantial book than most works of its class. It consists not of hasty sketches of objects seen in a rapid tour, with crude opinions upon men and things, formed upon the slightest evidence, and asserted with the dogmatism of unconscious ignorance; but it is the production of a traveller who has undertaken his task with due preparation of reading; who has gone through the land, mingling with the people, noting their peculiarities, and gathering information from the best authorities. He is also a reflecting man. He does not, as so many do, describe as national characteristics the conduct of individuals. He bases his judgment on a broad survey of facts, and, if he errs in his conclusions, it is not from want of industry to collect the best and most authentic materials within his reach.

Mr. SPENCER started from Belgrade, and took up his abode for some time at Alexinitz, whence he made excursions into the surrounding country, penetrating to Albania and Epirus, availing himself of the safeguard of a Turkish expedition to visit Bosnia, then in a state of insurrection; and, subsequently, the Ionian Islands, Greece, and Smyrna, and returning by the Danube.

These points have been sufficiently familiarised to the British reading public by various recent tourists, but it is for the intermediate wanderings that these volumes will be most read. Mr. SPENCER here shows himself to be a bold and adventurous man, fearless of danger, careless of fatigue, of unconquerable energy and health, able to eat anything, and to sleep anywhere. Besides, he had experience, which is worth a great deal in such an enterprise. His *Travels in Circassia* must have prepared him for the difficulties he had here to encounter, and taught him how best to meet them. The district through and across which he made his way on horseback, forming the remoter portions of European Turkey, have not been explored by any English traveller, for they appear to be entirely uncivilised, and almost lawless. Yet does Mr. SPENCER describe them as being, in their internal aspect, among the most beautiful, as, in their physical capacities, one of the most productive, districts in Europe, presenting to the eye a succession of scenes of Alpine grandeur and pastoral loveliness; hills crowned with the richest wood, and valleys smiling with exuberance of herbage, fruits, and flowers. But where Nature has done so much, man, as is too often found, has done little. Neglect is visible everywhere, the result, probably, of insecurity; for who will toil to improve property of which tyranny and rapacity may deprive him at any moment, and where the law is powerless to command that he shall not reap who has not sown? Of the inhabitants of this beautiful country, Mr. SPENCER speaks with cordial admiration. According to him they are really a fine, generous, kind-hearted race, with qualities which only want good government to render them the pride and strength of the eastern extremity of European civilization. Their kindness and courtesy to strangers are more than once the themes of his eulogy, when he had occasion to put them to the test. He was hospitably welcomed everywhere; was treated with the most scrupulous honesty, and when they were out of the influence of their priests, they proved themselves the possessors of a large amount of natural intelligence.

But next to bad government, according to Mr. SPENCER, the curse of the country is Priestcraft. Destructive as everywhere it is to human progress, it is here most debasing, and it is seen in its worst forms in the Greek Church. Education, of course, is unknown. The most degrading

Superstition has usurped the place of Religion, and Christianity exists but in name. Perhaps the contempt which the Mahomedans feel for Christians may be accounted for by their having no other knowledge of them than that which their own subjects present. If so, it is not wonderful that they deem themselves superior to such degraded beings. They are so.

Mr. SPENCER's style has the one fault of verbosity. Otherwise it is sufficiently descriptive. His historical episodes are substantially valuable, but we fear that the majority of his readers will pass them over for the more amusing narrative of his own experiences. Some of them we now proceed to extract for the entertainment of our readers.

This is the character of

#### THE ALBANIANS.

The worst trait in the character of the Albanians, of whatever tribe or creed, is their implacable vengeance—an injury is never forgiven. On the other hand, they are deeply susceptible of kindness, and display towards each other all the social virtues that distinguish the inhabitants of more civilized countries. The same excitable temperament that leads them to pursue a wrong even to death, shows itself in the enthusiasm with which they give their cattle and provisions to the unfortunate tribe who may fly to them for shelter. At the same time, their unbounded attachment to their chiefs, and their hospitality to the stranger, shine out in bright relief.

The duties of hospitality, not in this district alone, but everywhere among the Albanian tribes, are held so sacred, that the stranger who has once eaten, or even smoked, with one of their people, receives the title of *soloidnik* (friend of the tribe), and he is never addressed by any other epithet than that of *am via* (my brother), a man whom all are bound to defend with their lives, and see safe on his journey. This ancient patriarchal custom is the principal reason that we never hear of the assassination of a stranger among these simple-minded mountaineers, except from political motives; such deeds are invariably confined to the neighbourhood of some large town, where the inhabitants are more immoral, and know better the value of money.

In Belgrade he encounters an unexpected personage:

#### AN ANCIENT ROMAN.

Having dined at Semlin, we only required some slight refreshment: therefore, imitating our companions of the han, a clapping of hands, and the cry of "hanji," summoned to our aid a *ji*, or, as a Yankee would say, one of the helps of the hanji; who presented himself in the form of a youth of such classic outline of proportion and features, that he might have passed for the original of one of those fine statues of Roman heroes we see in Italy. As it was, the abundant dark glossy hair that fell over his broad shoulders, the simple tunic of coarse linen, secured round the waist, forming a kilt over his bare legs and feet, gave him so wild an appearance that we might have supposed he had been just taken in the woods and made his first *début* as a waiter at our han.

On demanding the name and nation of our *ji*, he informed us, with some show of pride, that he was a Roumani from the republic of Zagori, in the Pindus, and was called Liouli. These Zinzars, as they are termed by the Turks and the Slavonians, and by themselves Roumaniski, are everywhere found in these provinces as shepherds, petty shopkeepers, hanjis, and pedlars.

We were able to carry on something like a conversation with our *ji*, Liouli, by means of Latin: the idiom he spoke was, however, intermingled with words of Slavonian, Greek, and Turkish origin, and with others to which we were a stranger, and might be Dacian. The circumstance, in itself though trifling, is highly interesting, since it shows us a people scarcely numbering half a million in these provinces, still preserving for century after century, not only the language, but the tradition of their fathers; and so great is the national feeling among this race of the ancient Romans, that, in our case, the simple fact of being able to converse with them drew to our han several Zinzar traders established here, offering the hospitality of their own private houses, as if we were descendants of the same race.

In Servia are many primitive communities. Here is one illustrating the peculiarities of the country:

#### A REPUBLIC IN THE MOUNTAINS.

At Zagori, in the mountain fastnesses of the Pindus, we find a miniature republic in the midst of a despotic empire.

The inhabitants, a mixed race of Slavons, Greeks, and Roumani, pay the Imperial tax to the Sultan, and maintain undisputed possession of their mountain home; no hostile Osmanli daring to pass the confines of a stronghold where every man is a soldier, and even the

women never part with the pistols and dagger that glitter in their belt.

Again, we have the little state of Tchernegoria, where a population, scarcely amounting to a hundred-thousand, entrenched in their mountains, have continued to keep inviolate their own patriarchal form of government, their laws and customs, in defiance of the whole force of the Ottoman Porte, and that during the most brilliant epoch of its might and strength.

It is certain that the system of self-government, and the union of tribes and villages into a confederacy for mutual defence, has been the means of preserving the nationality and the religion of the Rayshs, in a country where force has been too long the law of the land. Their own social virtues also, which shine out in bright relief in all their intercourse with each other, have had the same tendency. Among this people, the isolating self-interest of Western Europe is unknown; they are generous to each other, hospitable to the stranger, sympathize with the afflicted, and provide a maintenance alike for helpless infancy and decrepid age. Then let it be remembered, idleness and dissipation, so frequently the heralds of crime in a more civilized state of society, are expressly forbidden, and the man who, in this or in any other respect, violates the patriarchal laws of his community, is expelled, and becomes an outcast; even the Haiduc of the mountain refuses to associate with him who is branded by his tribe as a Cain.

But, perhaps, the most beautiful trait in the character of this primitive people, is the unfeigned respect paid to old age. The man who has borne the heat of sixty summers, is exempted from every tax, and, should such be his pleasure, he may pass the remainder of his days in indolence, since the hearth of each member of his tribe is to him a home; his blessing is solicited, and he is regarded by old and young with reverence, as a man who is approaching the close of his mortal pilgrimage, when he will be translated to a happier home; and must they not, by kindness and good offices, propitiate the friendship of one who may soon, in another world, intercede for their unworthiness?

Some other traits are curious:

#### PRICES IN SERVIA.

The trifling value attached to land in this principality must appear incredible to those persons accustomed to estimate its value in Western Europe. While passing over Mount Mirotsch, I had for my companion a wealthy Servian, enveloped in his sheepskin kabanitz, and, as usual with those people, armed to the teeth—pistols in his girdle, and long gun slung across his shoulder. However fierce and warlike might be his aspect, in other respects he was a complete child of nature, ignorant of the great world, its cares and troubles. He was the proprietor of the land over which we were then travelling, but appeared to attach very little importance to its possession; the value of his large army of pigs, goats, and sheep, which he declared increased so rapidly that he never knew their real number, seemed principally to occupy his attention.

Our wealthy swineherd pointed out to me a drove of fat grunlers, who were then most diligently turning up the earth in search of some root more dainty than the heaps of acorns that lay around them, and requested me to tell him how much he should be likely to obtain a head for them in the London markets. When I assured him that each animal would be worth at least three hundred Turkish piastres, he cast upon me a look expressive at once of incredulity and anger, evidently regarding me as some mischief-loving Frank, who was amusing himself with his ignorance. Then, without even vouchsafing me a single "slouga," or a "phalabog," the usual salutation at parting, he spurred his steed, and, being well-mounted, soon left us in the distance.

I did not feel surprised at the conduct of the good Servian, or his disbelief in my assertions, since the Austrians, who are the sole purchasers here, never pay more than three or four florins a head for these animals, and then send them to every market in Germany. Might not this prove an advantageous speculation for some of our own wealthy traders? In the interior of the country they can be bought even at a lower rate; at the same time their flavour, being similar to that of the wild boar, which they somewhat resemble in form, renders them the more acceptable to the epicure. Now, as the Danube is equally open to the commercial speculation of an Englishman as an Austrian, I trust that some of my friends will profit by the hint, and make their fortunes.

And further on he adds:

In the interior of Bulgaria and Upper Moesia, the low prices of provisions and cattle of every description is almost fabulous compared with the prices of Western Europe. A fat sheep or lamb usually costs from eightpence to two shillings, an ox forty shillings, cows thirty shillings, and a horse, in the best possible travelling condition, from four to five pounds sterling;

wool, hides, tallow, wax, and honey, are equally low. In the towns and hans by the road-side, everything is sold by weight; you can get a pound of meat for a halfpenny, a pound of bread for the same, and wine, which is also sold by weight, costs about the same money.

In Servia, pigs everywhere form the staple commodity of the country. I have seen some that would weigh from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds, or more, offered for sale at three hundred Turkish piastres the dozen; in the neighbourhood of the Danube they fetch a little more. The expense of keeping these animals in a country abounding with forests being so trifling, and the prospect of gain to the proprietor so certain, we cannot wonder that no landowner is without them, and that they constitute the richest class in the principality. In fact, pig-jobbers are here men of the highest rank: the prince, his ministers, civil and military governors, are all engaged in this lucrative traffic.

The Rev. H. B. W. CHURTON's *Land of the Morning*, is the record of two journeys to Palestine, undertaken at an interval of three years. The theme is somewhat worn, for we have had we know not how many travels in the Holy Land during the last twenty years. Nevertheless Mr. CHURTON imparts some novelty to his narrative by the purpose with which he travelled. His object, he says, was to give such an account of it as might not only faithfully describe its present darkness and desolation, but also point to the brighter days to come. The form of a Diary in which it was written has been preserved, thus giving to the descriptions the great advantage of freshness, all of them having been taken while the objects were yet in sight or distinct in the memory, and therefore likely to be more accurately depicted than when painted from recollection long afterwards. To this also is to be ascribed much of the personal interest the reader feels in the traveller and his progress. It is perhaps an advantage that it forbids the book-making style—those attempts to be brilliant, or learned, or poetical, which mar so many works of the class of this one. We should add that the volume is illustrated with many maps, coloured engravings, and wood-cuts. A few specimens will of themselves recommend this volume to the favourable notice of the reader.

We have been especially pleased with the care taken by Mr. CHURTON to note the natural history of the countries through which he passed. Such descriptions as the following convey a much more accurate notice of the place than the inflated raptures of LAMARTINE and others. For instance this is—

#### THE COUNTRY AROUND JERICHO.

We left Jerusalem this morning at half-past eight for an excursion to the Jordan and the Dead Sea, and Mar Saba. As we ascended the mount of Olives, winding round its base, we saw two or three Jews reading, and, I suppose, praying, by recent tombs. Passing beyond Bethany, we noticed the rich red colour of the fresh-ploughed soil, like that of the rich lower colite in Northamptonshire. By Bethany we heard the four little cooing notes of the hoopoe. Aboudeis (which some suppose to be Bethphage, and whence Achmed our Sheikh came), was now before us, a little on our right, under the sun. By ten we reached the Apostles' well, a little stream or spring of fresh clear water, with troughs, and a sort of ruined Khan. This is traditionally the spot mentioned John, xi. 20-30. It is, perhaps, twenty minutes or half an hour from Bethany. About two we came to Wady El Kelt on our left; it was dry when we had seen it three years ago, but now it was a plentiful rapid torrent, all its edges fringed with fresh green shrubs, but being three hundred feet, probably, below us, we could not distinguish what shrubs they were. At half-past two we were descending into the plain; Jericho (now called Riha) lay before us, and the wide and partially green plain of Jordan. At the north end of the blue Dead Sea (Bahr Loot), was a tall brown eddying whirlwind-pillar of raised sand. By its distance and height it must, I should think, have been nearly a quarter of a mile high. Sometimes it thickened and contracted in its column, and curled and bent above, like a bending pillar; it continued without great change of place, for nearly quarter of an hour. By three we reached the Fountain of Elisha (Ain-es-Sultan.) Here are scattered over the undulating plain great quantities of the Nabque tree, now in fruit, green, yellow, and reddening. The red only are ripe; they are about the size of a small cherry, and their taste something between a hawthorn and ripe crab, but they are very refreshing in the desert. Round the clear cool fount of Elisha, doves were cooing in the Nabque trees; here, too, were tall reeds and wild figs. The shade of an overhanging fig was remarkably cool and pleasant, and seemed to cool the water we tasted, which flowed

slowly under its spreading shadow. By four we reached Riha (Jericho), and encamped for the night.

By a quarter past five on Tuesday morning, April 16th, we were riding through Jericho. Many full-leaved fig-trees, laden with young figs, surround the little low huts of its inhabitants, about one hundred. Here are rich crops, also, but not extensive ones, of bearded wheat. The sun rose before us over the mountains of Moab, and we pressed forward to reach the Jordan, as yet about six or seven miles distant. At a quarter to six we crossed the united streams of Ain-es-Sultan, and Wady El Kelt; the edges of the stream are beautifully fringed with tamarisk, nabque, &c. By half-past six we had descended into one of the inner banks of Jordan. Here foliage, fresh and green, began to show itself right and left before us. There was a sweet nightingale singing on our right, and another, directly afterwards, on our left. By a quarter to seven we reached and stood on the brink of Jordan, a strong, turbid, and now half-shaded stream, about thirty feet broad, or a little more, fringed with tall upright tamarisk, young fresh green poplars, or aspen, and bending willows. Below, tangled convolvulus, wild parsley, &c. In the stream, which, even while we stayed there (three quarters of an hour) seemed to be rising, I noticed several young willows, and many reeds, especially those that were broken off at the top, and standing some two or three feet above the water's surface, shaken in the water uneasily with a tremulous, and, as it were, distressed motion.

And this is

#### THE PLAIN OF WADY MOUSE.

To-day we have journeyed from half-past seven till four. The broad plain of yesterday was soon first undulating and then broken up by deep and precipitous ravines and rocky water-courses. The plain, as we were now leaving it, was gracefully decked with the sweet, white, flowering broom, and below with profusion of southernwood and other herbs, and with the fresh green of a strong-smelling plant, very succulent, and looking and smelling like fennel. At eleven we passed a large swarm of young brown locusts; they hopped about in myriads among the low shrubs and herbs; the grey sand was darkened with them, and the ground seemed quite alive with them. They are all young ones, and I suppose the lizard-chameleons will diminish their numbers. We have passed several swarms of them to-day, and (worse luck) we are now encamped in the very thick of them. At about one we came to some deep gullies of small deep water-courses, running down into the principal ravine. Here were herbs, and even small trees, and every appearance of recent waters in the hollow rocks, so deep as to be even now quite sheltered from the sun. Hither came Hamad, one of our Alewins, eagerly with two good-sized rude wooden milk-bowls in his hand for water. He stooped down, or rather let himself down by his hands into the deep hollowed rocky basin. There was no water. Hamad quickly mounted again, and I asked him whether he had found water. I shall never forget the impression this little incident made on my mind; not that his expression showed much dismay, but it reminded me so forcibly of the expressions of Scripture, especially since both to-day and yesterday our servants, though scarcely we ourselves, have been in some want and lack of water.

In conclusion we take

#### A PICTURE FROM PETRA.

From three to six we went westward up to the Deir. It is a tomb or temple similar to the Khasnè, only much plainer. The ascent to it, which occupied us an hour and a half, is most beautiful. After a rich narrow valley, with oleanders, broom, sage, lilies, &c., we ascended a steep narrow gorge of red and lilac-coloured stone. The oleanders still continue till nearly half the way up. One of our guides, by the way, charmed a scorpion. He took it up in the palm of his hand, spit upon it, and muttered some prayers or words in the name of the prophet. Unless irritated, I apprehend, they do not sting. Very probably also, if frightened they would not. Or, possibly, the man knew that his poison was gone. At all events, it reminded me of the expression (Eccles. x. 11), "Surely the serpent will bite without enchantment; and a babler is no better."—i. e., you must charm and quiet him. (Cf. Ps. lviii. 4, 5; Jer. viii. 17.) As we ascended, the oleanders ceased; but arbor-vitæ rose gracefully in the deep crevices of the red rocks. Black centipedes were creeping about, or coiled up like serpents. They were eight or ten inches long; without counting, I should say there must be at least two hundred little feet, a hundred on each side. They were the thickness of a little finger. Skeleton-like grasshoppers, about three inches long, abound at Petra: some are green, some grey, some lilac. A woman brought a chameleon on a green branch of ratham. It was vivid bright green. Crawling, however, on the brown stem, and put in A's



brown parasol reversed, it became, in either case in about twenty seconds, a dull brown. Afterwards on the bough it became light green again. Its eyes are very remarkable: deep set, cased, and able to look, one backwards, the other forwards, or one up and the other down, at once. The arbor-vitæ, frequent here, was, in one instance, twined with a kind of honeysuckle. Here I picked up a large porcupine's quill, about fifteen inches long, in all probability the "bittern" of scripture. The El Deir stands in a level space at the top of the red and lilac coloured mountain. Soaring above the highest rock were sixteen eagles and falcons. Selah is still an eagle's nest.

MR. CHEEVER'S *Island World of the Pacific* is the reprint of a work published in America, by a gentleman who had previously obtained an European reputation by his very spirited description of Life on Board a Whaler. His purpose is to present "a true and life-like picture of the best part of Polynesia, as it is seen now in 1850." It is written in the same lively manner as his former work, and with the fulness of information only to be found where the writer is thoroughly acquainted with his subject.

We can afford but one extract only—MR. CHEEVER'S description of

#### A SUNDAY AT HAWAII.

My first Sabbath at Hawaii was, of course, one of especial interest. The church, a grass-house, somewhat more than one-hundred feet long, and thirty or forty wide, was thronged with natives to the number of seven or eight hundred, sitting upon the unmatted, grass-strewn floor. Three hundred and seventy-seven children were at the Sabbath school between the services. They recited, with very pleasing effect, in a measured or chanting manner, by classes, the verses from Scripture that constituted the lesson for the day.

As you look at the bright-eyed boys and girls, and hear them chant their lesson, or say to you their merry *aloha*, you long to be able to talk with them; and, tawny as they are, you think there were never gathered finer looking, or more animated children. Adults often look stupid, and incapable of, or averse to, close attention. The youth far excel them in intelligence and activity. The boys of Mr. Bond's boarding-school, fourteen in number, when they meet twice a-week with the teachers from the several school districts, far outstripped them in arithmetic and other exercises; and the teachers say they cannot at all stand with them for aptness and mental agility. The hope of the nation is there.

In the morning was a sermon by the pastor, from "The wages of sin is death." In the afternoon, the whole congregation, or rather all the members of the church, recited by divisions some verses of Scripture from the *AO A KA LA*, or Daily Food, on the verse-a-day system, and the pastor commented upon them. Many of the adults and children came from a distance of ten miles. We found them holding a prayer-meeting when we returned, after the intermission, at two o'clock, P.M. Tolerable attention was given to the service, and the deportment of all was correct. All the women were dressed in loose gowns, and many of the men had pantaloons—all their *kapas*. Notwithstanding this, there were naked limbs enough, and the attitudes and costume of the audience were such as to make the scene truly barbaric.

After the Sabbath, one of the good deacons having furnished me with a powerful horse, I went, in company with the pastor, to attend meetings at four different school districts. The people were gathered on the grass floors of the rude school-houses in their every-day dress, or, rather, undress; men, women, boys and girls, and nursing babes as they were born; young eyes sparkling, and their generally sleek and plump forms giving ample evidence of their full feeding, in this fruitful region upon pork and *poi*. It is painful, however, to see so many limbs and persons scaly and scarred with eruptions, and holes made, and features gnawed away by the scourge that came with licentious foreigners. Some of the men we saw were very giants in their dimensions, and immensely strong.

When we had exchanged the usual Hawaiian salutation of *ALOHA OUKOU*, or love to you, Mr. Bond opened the meeting with prayers, followed by a hymn and a portion of Scripture, and then proceeded to call over the names of all the church members in the district, and to ask them each questions in regard to their religious estate, and their friends who were absent. When this was through, he made a few general remarks, and the meeting was closed with singing and prayer. Then followed shaking of hands, and the parting *aloha*. The different groups, with so much that was peculiarly Hawaiian and barbaric, were to a stranger a novel and curious sight. No less strange, and romantic too, was the ride through glens, adown *pālis* (precipices), along *kalo* patches, and the edge of precipitous ravines, that would make one friend almost shudder for another in riding over.

## POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Poems. By GEORGE MEREDITH. London: Parker and Son. 1851.

THE full poet is a thoroughly balanced compound of perception and intellect. By the first faculty he sees vividly, and feels to the inmost; by the second, he understands deeply and largely, and applies with a subtle searching breadth. The power of expression is a correlative of both; but it belongs more immediately to the first. Though TENNYSON had not been the author *in posse* of *In Memoriam*, he might equally have produced such perfect word-painting as we find in *Mariana*; but a want of that perception which constitutes the essence of the latter would have made the former more faint from first to last.

Of the perceptive poet we have had no other such complete example as KEATS. It is the delight in what he sees, the sympathy with what he narrates, that endows him with his marvellous power of expression. To him everything was an opportunity. Yet, he saw nature and emotion as rather suggestive than typical; as exciting the thoughts outwards, not leading them inwards. His poems have but little of the unconscious simile, (to be found so largely in those of TENNYSON for instance) the implication in description of an inner essence and ulterior meaning KEATS portrays his object with keen exquisite picturing, but which aims only at the phenomenal fact; or else he makes use of the simile direct. His enthusiasm was less an inner fire than a visible lambent halo. He saw loveliness in nature, or found it the incentive to lovely thoughts. He rested in the effect. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

MR. MEREDITH seems to us a kind of limited KEATS. He is scarcely a perceptive, but rather a seeing or sensuous poet. He does not love nature in a wide sense as KEATS did; but nature delights and appeals closely to him. In proportion, however, as his sympathies are less vivid, excitable, and diffusive, he concentrates them the more. He appropriates a section of nature, as it were; and the love which he bears to it partakes more of affection. Viewing MR. MEREDITH as a Keatsian, and allowing for (what we need not stop to assert), the entire superiority of the dead poet,—we think it is in this point that the most essential phase of difference will be found between the two: and it is one which, were the resemblance in other respects more marked and more unmixed than it is, would suffice to divide MR. MEREDITH from the imitating class. The love of KEATS for nature was not an affectionate love: it was minute, searching, and ardent; but hardly personal. He does not lose himself in nature, but contemplates her and utters her forth to the delight of all ages.\* Indeed, if we read his record aright, he was not, either in thought or in feeling, a strongly affectionate man; and the passion which ate into him at the last was a mania and infatuation, raging like disease, a symptom and a part of it. It is otherwise with MR. MEREDITH. In his best moments he seems to sing, because it comes naturally to him, and silence would be restraint, not through exuberance or inspiration, but in simple contentedness, or throbbing of heart. There is an amiable and engaging quality in the poems of MR. MEREDITH, a human companionship and openness, which make the reader feel his friend.

But, perhaps, it is chiefly in the impressions of love that our new poet's likeness and unlikeness at once to the author of *Endymion* and *Lamia* are to be recognised. We are told that women felt pique at KEATS for treating them in his verses scarcely otherwise than flowers or perfumes; as beautifiers and the object of tender and pleasurable emotion,—a charm of life. They missed the language of individual love, dignified and equal. Nor was the quarrel without a cause: but the reader will probably, at the first reading of the very charming, melodious, and rhythmical poem which we proceed to quote, think us unfair in trying to fasten it on MR. MEREDITH:

#### LOVE IN THE VALLEY.

Under yon beech-tree standing in the green sward,  
Couched with her arms behind her little head,  
Her knees folded up, and her tresses on her bosom,  
Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.  
Had I the heart to slide one arm beneath her,—  
Press her dreaming lips as her waist I folded slow!  
Waking on the instant, she could not but embrace me—  
Ah! would she hold me, and never let me go!

\* We hope it is superfluous to explain that, in what is here said of Keats, we seek only to discriminate, not to depreciate; and that we love and reverence him as one of the most glorious of poets.

Shy as the squirrel, and wayward as the swallow;  
Swift as the swallow when, athwart the western flood  
Circling the surface, he meets his mirrored winglets,  
Is that dear one in her maiden bud.  
Shy as the squirrel whose nest is in the pine-tops;  
Gentle—ah! that she were jealous—as the dove;  
Full of all wildness as the woodland creatures,  
Happy in herself, is the maiden that I love.

What can have taught her distrust of all I tell her!  
Can she truly doubt me, when looking on my brows?  
Nature never teaches distrust of tender love-takes:  
What can have taught her distrust of all my vows?  
No, she does not doubt me: on a dewy eve-tide  
Whispering together beneath the listening moon,  
I prayed till her cheek flushed, implored till she faltered—  
Fluttered to my bosom—ah! to fly away so soon!

When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,  
Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,  
Often she thinks—Were this wild thing wedded,  
I should have more love and much less care.  
When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,  
Loosening her laces, combing down her curls,  
Often she thinks—Were this wild thing wedded,  
I should lose but one for so many boys and girls.

Clambering roses peep into her chamber;  
Jasmine and woodbine breathe sweet, sweet;  
White-necked swallows twittering of summer  
Fill her with balm and nestled peace from head to feet.  
Ah! will the rose-bough see her lying lonely  
When the petals fall, and fierce bl. om is on the leaves?  
Will the Autumn garner see her still ungathered,  
When the fickle swallows forsake the weeping eaves?

Comes a sudden question—Should a strange hand pluck her!  
Oh! what an anguish smites me at the thought!  
Should some idle lording bribe her mind with jewels!—  
Can such beauty ever thus be bought?  
Sometimes the huntsmen prancing down the valley  
Eye the village lasses full of sprightly mirth:  
They see, as I see, mine is the fairest!—  
Would she were older, and could read my worth!

Are there not sweet maidens if she still deny me!  
Show the bridal heavens but one bright star?  
Wherefore thus then do I chase a shadow,  
Clattering one note, like a brown eve-jar?  
So I rhyme and reason till she darts before me:—  
Through the milky meadows from flower to flower she flies  
Sunning her sweet palms to shade her dazzled eyelids  
From the golden love that looks too eager in her eyes.

When at dawn she wakens, and her fair face gazes  
Out on the weather through the window-panes,  
Beauteous she looks—like a white water-lily  
Bursting out of bud on the rippled river-plains.  
When from bed she rises clothed from neck to ankle  
In her long night-gown, sweet as boughs of May,  
Beauteous she looks—like a tall garden-lily,  
Pure from the night, and perfect for the day.

Happy, happy time, when the grey star twinkles  
Over the fields all fresh with blooming dew;  
When the cold-cheeked dawn grows ruddy up the twilight,  
And the gold sun wakes, and weds her in the blue.  
Then, when my darling tempts the early breeze,  
She, the only star that does not with the dark!—  
Powerless to speak all the ardour of my passion,  
I catch her little hand, as we listen to the lark.

Shall the birds in vain then valentine their sweethearts!  
Season after season, tell a fruitless tale?  
Will not the virgin listen to their voices,—  
Take the honeyed meaning, wear the bridal veil?  
Fears she frosts of winter? fears she the bare branches?  
Waits she the garland of spring for her dower?  
Is she a nightingale that will not be nested  
Till the April woodland has built her bridal bower?

Then come, merry April, with all thy birds and beauties!  
With thy crescent brows, and thy flowery showery glees;  
With thy budding leafage and fresh green pastures;  
And may thy lustrous crescent grow a honeymoon for me!  
Come, merry month of the cuckoo and the violet:  
Come, weeping loveliness, in all thy blue delight:—  
Lo! the nest is ready: let me not languish longer:  
Bring her to my arms on the first May-night.

Surely, it may be said, there is passion enough here, and of a sufficiently personal kind. True, indeed: this is not a devotion which sins through lukewarmth, and roams uncertain of an object. It will not fail to obtain an answer, through dubiousness of quest: and if it shocks at all, it shocks the delicacy, not the *amour-propre*. But its characteristics are, in fact, the same as those at which exception was taken in the case of KEATS. The flame burns here, which there only played, darting its thin quick tongue from point to point: but the difference is of concentration only. The impressionable is changed for the strongly impressed—the influence being similar. Here again the love, like our poet's love of nature, has the distinct tone of affection. It is purely and unaffectedly sensuous, and in its utterance as genuine a thing as can be. We hear a clear voice of nature, with no falsetto notes at all; as spontaneous and intelligible as the wooing of a bird, and equally a matter of course.

The main quality of MR. MEREDITH'S poems is warmth—warmth of emotion, and, to a certain extent, of imagination, like the rich mantling blush on a beautiful face, or a breath glowing upon your cheek. That he is young will be as unmistakably apparent to the reader as to ourself; on which score various shortcomings and crudities, not less than some excess of this attribute, claim indulgence. The "Rape of Aurora" for example, is certainly too highly-coloured; "Daphne"

objectionably spun out, even if but in regard to length; and "Angelic Love" other than angelic. The following, against which this plea cannot be urged, is a graceful and fitting companion to "Love in the Valley."

## SONG.

Under boughs of breathing May  
In the mild spring-time I lay,  
Lonely, for I had no love;  
And the sweet birds all sang for pity—  
Cuckoo, lark, and dove.

"Tell me, cuckoo," then, I cried,  
"Dare I woo and wed a bride?  
I, like thee, have no home-nest."  
And the twin-notes thus tuned their ditty:  
"Love can answer best."

"Nor, warm dove with tender coo,  
Have I thy soft voice to woo,  
Even were a damsel by."  
And the deep woodland crooned its ditty:  
"Love her first, and try."

"Nor have I, wild lark, thy wing,  
That from bluest heaven can bring  
Bliss, whatever fate befall."  
And the sky-lyrist trilled this ditty:  
"Love will give thee all."

So it chanced while Juno was young,  
Wooing long with fervent song,  
I had won a damsel coy:  
And the sweet birds that sang for pity  
Jubilated for joy.

Our last quotation displays Mr. MEREDITH in one of his more exclusively descriptive pieces. But we may observe that, here too, the emotion is what most distinctly impresses itself, while the description proper, though not wanting in precision and minuteness, looms somewhat faintly:

## SONG.

The daisy now is out upon the green;  
And, in the grassy lanes,  
The child of April rains,  
The sweet fresh-hearted violet, is smelt and loved unseen.

Along the brooks and meads the daffodil  
Its yellow richness spreads;  
And, by the fountain-heads  
Of rivers, cowslips cluster round, and over every hill.

The crocus and the primrose may have gone;  
The snowdrop may be low;  
But soon the purple glow  
Of hyacinths will fill the copse, and lilies watch the dawn.

And in the sweetness of the budding year,  
The cuckoo's woodland call,  
The skylark over all,  
And then, at eve, the nightingale is doubly sweet and dear.

My soul is singing with the happy birds,  
And all my human powers  
Are blooming with the flowers;  
My foot is on the fields and downs, among the flocks and herds.

Deep in the forest where the foliage droops  
I wander, filled with joy,  
Again, as when a boy,  
The sunny vistas tempt me on with dim delicious hopes;

The sunny vistas, dim with hurrying shade  
And old romantic haze—  
Again, as in past days,  
The spirit of immortal Spring doth every sense pervade.

Oh! do not say that this will ever cease:—  
This joy of woods and fields,  
This youth that Nature yields,  
Will never speak to me in vain, though soundly rapt in peace.

We have assigned Mr. MEREDITH to the Keatsian school, believing that he pertains to it in virtue of the more intrinsic qualities of his mind, and of a simple enjoying nature; and as being beyond doubt of the perceptive class in poetry. In mere style, however, he attaches himself rather to the poets of the day: the pieces in which a particular bias is most evident being in a Tennysonian mould—as the "Olive Branch," and the "Shipwreck of Idomeneus,"—while some of his smaller lyrics smack of HERRICK. He has a good ear for melody, and considerable command of rhythm; but he seems sometimes to hanker unduly after novelty of metre, attaining it, if there be no other means to his hand, by some change in length or interruption of rhyme which has a dragging and inconsequent effect. That his volume is young is not its fault: nor are we by any means sure that is its misfortune. Some jingle-pieces there are, indeed,—mere commonplace and current convention, which mature judgment would exclude: but the best are those whose spirit is the spirit of youth, and which are the fullest of it. We do not expect ever quite to enrol Mr. MEREDITH among the demigods or heroes; and we hesitate, for the reason just given, to say that we count on greater things from him; but we shall not cease to look for his renewed appearance with hope, and to hail it with extreme pleasure, so long as he may continue to produce poems equal to the best in this first volume.

W. M. R.

*Lucretius on the Nature of Things.* Literally translated into English Prose by the Rev. J. S. WATSON, M.A. To which is added the Practical Version of JOHN MASON GOOD. London: Bohn.

THIS title-page describes the work which is the latest addition to Bohn's Classical Library. Dr. GOOD's translation is well known; but it is far from being literal, and therefore the prose one by Mr. WATSON is very acceptable, and adds much to the value and utility of the volume.

## RELIGION.

*The Triumph; or the Coming Age of Christianity, &c.* Edited by J. M. MORGAN. London: Longman and Co.

A COLLECTION of extracts from various writers, supposed to contain direct or indirect approval of the principle which Mr. MORGAN has sought, with the zeal of an enthusiast, to embody in a species of Christian Communism about which he has published some half dozen volumes. His design is simply that of OWEN Christianised—equally impracticable, because based upon the same ignorance of human nature. But, truth to say, very few of the passages here selected have any bearing upon the subject, save in the excited imagination of the editor. However, as extracts from good writers, they are interesting.

*The Dream that was really Dreamed.* London: Masters. 1851.

A SMALL and prettily got-up book, containing an account of a dream that seems certainly to have a bearing upon the state of the Church and of religion in England. It displays some power of word-painting; and the descriptions are well wrought. If it be only, however, intended for an allegory, it lacks point and finish; but if it be, what its title expresses, a *Dream that was really dreamed*, it is certainly very curious and interesting.

## EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

*Readings in Science and Literature for use in Senior Classes.* By DANIEL SCRYMGEOUR. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.

AN admirable selection from the best authors of all ages and countries, classified under the divisions of, 1. Natural Science; 2. Natural History and Geography; 3. History, Biography, and Oratory; 4. Miscellaneous; and, 5. Poetry. By thus giving to the reading classes in schools the choicest compositions of the most distinguished writers, the good taste of the pupil is cultivated, and he will not in after life endure mediocrity. Besides, to raise the standard of taste is to improve the heart as well as the head.

*Euclid's Elements of Geometry.* First three Books. By R. POTTS, M.A. London: Parker.

A NEAT edition, having some peculiarities—the most notable of which is an ingenious plan for making the successive propositions more obvious to the student, by placing each in a line by itself. The axioms, postulates, definitions, &c., are also explained in a singularly intelligible manner. It is by far the best Euclid's Geometry we have ever seen, and we can most confidently recommend it to our readers.

*French Extracts for Beginners.* By F. WOLSKI. London: Oliver and Boyd.

A COLLECTION of extracts from French authors, beginning with the simplest and growing in difficulty. It is judiciously made.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Comic Almanac.* Illustrated by G. CRUIKSHANK. London: Bogue.

*Glenny's Garden Almanac.* London: Cox.

*The Comic Almanac* is rich in fun as usual. Bloomerism is of course a permanent theme for satire. "The Ouran-Outan," "The Peace Society," "Cheap Furniture," a capital hit at the advertisers who address themselves "to Persons about to Marry." "The Good Supply of Water" exhibits JOHN BULL in an extremely uncomfortable position from rival companies. We present a single specimen:—

MODES OF ADDRESSING PERSONS OF VARIOUS RANKS.

(By Our Fast Professor.)

"A Duke or other Titled Person. 'Now, Old Strawberry-Leaves;' or, as the case may be. An Earl

carries Five Balls, and a Baronet a Bloody Hand, which naturally point out the mode of addressing the bearers. A Bishop is gratified by being addressed as 'Old Shirt-Sleeves.' If the ecclesiastic wear spectacles, it is *de rigueur* to add, facetiously, that you observe his is not a 'See Sharp.' An Archdeacon you will, of course, call 'Archy;' and a Rural Dean you will address as 'My Rustic.' The Clergy, as a body, you will speak of as the 'White Chokers.' The Lay Aristocracy are simply styled 'The Nobs.' Attention to this rule is requested. An irreverent young reporter (from Ireland) having recently incautiously asked an official of the House of Lords 'who that Buffer was?' indicating a nobleman who was speaking, was solemnly answered: 'Sir, we have no Buffers here, they are all Peers of the Realm.'

"A Police Magistrate. Before you are fined—'My Lord;' 'Your Worship;' 'Your Reverence;' 'Your Excellency;' 'Your Majesty;' or whatever title of honour comes readiest to your tongue. After Justice has done her worst, you will merely allude to your enemy as the 'Beak.'

"Your Father. Speaking to him, say, 'Guvnor;' or 'Old Strike-a-Light;' of him, 'The Old Un.'

"A Tradesman. Your address in this case will depend upon the state of accounts between yourself and the party spoken to; but an easy familiarity should generally be preserved; and it is a good rule, if you wish to please a tradesman, to call him by a name, or make some allusion, derived from the trickery of his particular trade. A Grocer you will call 'Young Chicory;' or, if a female, 'Mrs. Beans.' A Sausage Vendor's shop you will enter playfully imitating the cry of the itinerant merchant who supplies daily food to the canine and feline menial. And a Woollen Draper you should salute with, 'Well, Devil's Dust.'

"The Waitress at a Restaurateur's, or elsewhere. 'Mary, my love, my only angel, come here;' 'Sarah, my darling, what's good for my complaint?' 'Jane's very sweet upon me, ain't you, Jane?'

"A Box-keeper. 'Here, Pew-opener.'

"A Pew-opener. 'Here, Box-keeper.'

"All sorts and conditions of Men. In any manner in which a gentleman would not address them."

*Glenny's Garden Almanac* gives, in addition to the usual contents of an almanac, a vast variety of useful information relating to gardening.

*Rides on Railways, &c.* By SAMUEL SIDNEY. London: Orr & Co.

A SORT of traveller's handbook to the Northern Railways, describing all the most interesting objects on the various routes. With this little volume open before him, a railway journey may be made extremely interesting and instructive, for he would learn what there is to be seen, and some particulars about what he sees on either side of him as he speeds along. Twenty-four engravings add to its value and attractions. The idea is a capital one, and might be well extended to the lines in the other quarters of the United Kingdom.

*A History and Description of Modern Wines.* By CYRUS REDDING. London: Bohn.

MR. BOHN has now added to his *Standard Library* a work which has obtained very considerable reputation as a good authority on the subject of which it treats, for it has passed through three editions, each an improvement upon the former one. The dealer in and the drinker of wine will find here all the information he can require as to the birthplace, parentage, education, and value of every known species of wine.

## PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

*The North British Review* is the most vigorous of the younger periodicals, and challenges comparison with its ancient predecessors. The present number is full of life and power; it grapples with the subjects of the day in a right manful spirit, and although we cannot commend all its objects, we must admit the ability with which they are urged. The first paper comes to the rescue of the Peace Congress from the combined assault of the newspapers, and it does so with good effect. "The Principles of Taxation" are next examined, and this, too, is a very seasonable discussion. "The Fine Arts in Edinburgh" is rather a treatise on art generally. "Burns and his School" is a finely-written essay on poetry, in itself a poem. Dr. OWEN and his works are briefly reviewed in another paper. Like *The Edinburgh*, *The North British* has plunged into *Philology*, but not with the same mastery of the subject. "The Frontier Wars of India" is a *résumé* of our recent operations in that quarter of the world. Some recent translations from the classics are the theme of an elegant paper, and the number closes with an interesting article on the "Re-awakening of Christian Life in Germany."



In *The Gentleman's Magazine* for October are no less than three engravings of antiquities, and a mass of curious original matter, among which we particularly notice an account of the Yorkshire Rebellion in 1489, some information as to NELL GWYN from Lord ROCHESTER'S Poems, and "Notes of a Tour along the Roman Wall," by C. R. SMITH, Esq., together with its usual Historical Summary, and invaluable Obituary, in which it is unique.

*The Eclectic Review* for November treats, among other topics, of Arab Travels in Africa, the Ballad Poetry of Scotland, South African Missions, &c., and concludes with a beautiful and impressive paper entitled "Religious Aspects of the Great Exhibition."

We have received the second part only (not the first,) of a new *History of Scotland*, by Mr. THOS. WRIGHT, which promises to be a valuable addition to the historical library. It is very handsomely got up, containing several portraits.

Mr. C. TOMLINSON'S *Cyclopædia of Useful Arts* proceeds steadily. The third part extends as far as the word "Block." It is profusely illustrated with engravings, and strictly confines itself to its avowed design, which is a great merit in such a work, and a very rare one.

*Tallis's Drawing-room Table Book of Theatrical Portraits*, Part V., contains portraits on steel (with memoirs,) of Miss FANNY COOPER, Miss CATHERINE HAYES as *Zerlina*, Mr. HACKETT, Mr. TILBURY as *Dr. Botts*, and Mr. JAMES ROGERS as *Sam*. To all interested in the drama, this will be a most acceptable periodical.

*The Royal Exhibition Companion* is a series of penny guides to the sights of London and its neighbourhood, compiled with great accuracy and care.

*The Imperial Cyclopædia of the British Empire* has been delayed for the purpose of including in it the new census returns. It is now resumed, containing the latest and most valuable information as to the various localities described. The present is the ninth part, and it extends to the letter J. It is the most complete account of the British Empire that has ever been published, and it is illustrated with maps and engravings. It is one of the enterprises of the indefatigable Mr. C. KNIGHT; as likewise is *Half-Hours of English History*, of which the sixth part, commencing the second volume, is before us. It contains a collection of extracts from the best writers, descriptive of English history, arranged chronologically. It is a work of extreme interest, and we can strenuously recommend it to our readers.

The twelfth part of *The Pictorial Family Bible*, on large paper, illustrated with a vast number of woodcuts, places a very famous and approved work in the hands of purchasers at a greatly diminished cost. This part extends to the book of Chronicles.

The twenty-fifth part of *The National Edition of Shakspeare* comprises the whole of "Macbeth," with all the notes and illustrations of the original edition by Mr. C. KNIGHT.

The new number of *Richardson's Rural Hand-book* is devoted to the rearing and management of the cow.

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

### PROGRESS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

**PHILOSOPHY:** *Prison-Literature*, and its latest products—Proudhon's new work on the Revolution—Characteristics and specimens of his style—"Property is theft!"—Difference between Theory and Practice.—**HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY:** *Thiers and De la Guéronnière on the Uncle and Nephew*—Gallois' *History of the Revolution of 1848*—Sainte Beuve on Rivarol—Minor productions—Fleury's "Saint Just and the Reign of Terror"—Anecdote of Saint Just's Boyhood.—**BOOKS OF TRAVEL:** *Mutual Antipathy between the French and Germans*—*French Tourist in Germany and vice versa*—Stahr, and his "Two months in Paris"—The indefatigable Kohl's "Travels in South Germany"—Colonel de la Moskowa on the Isle of Wight Regatta.—**FICTION:** *French Novels in general*—Janin's "Rural Gaeties"—Souvestre's "Last Peasants"—Announcements: Alphonse Karr's "Stories from the Sea-shore"—His resemblance to Thackeray, and his feeling for Nature—New and promising Novel by the Author of "Jerome Paturot".—**POETRY AND THE DRAMA:** Poems by a Grandson of Goethe's—German Translation of Petrarch—Heinrich Heine: his new Poem and new Faith—Publication of Ponsard's collected Dramas.

An interesting essay might be written on "Books composed in Prison," among which are to be ranked some of the masterpieces of the world's literature, and almost always, whether the author be great or small, if he write both in prison and out of it, the prison-book is pretty sure to be the best. The first part of *Don Quixote* was written in prison, and we agree with CHARLES

LAMB in thinking the second part, where SANCHO becomes the hero, decidedly inferior. The best of BUNYAN'S allegories and of all prose allegories, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, was written in Bedford gaol. Remember MIRABEAU'S scribbles during his various imprisonments, and Madame ROLAND'S Memoirs! Coming down to recent times, SILVIO PELLICO, has not, out of jail, beaten his *I Mici Prigioni*, nor has any book of "Tom" COOPER, the Chartist, when at large, eclipsed *The Purgatory of Suicides*, the product of prison-hours; not to speak of ERNEST JONES. And if any of those mischances which so frequently befall Men of Letters, should consign the present writer to the Queen's Bench, it is possible that whoever might suffer, it would not be the readers of THE CRITIC.

The latest book of note that has been engendered by a prison now lies before us: *Idee generale de la Revolution au xix. siècle* ("General Idea of the Revolution of the 19th century") by the famous PROUDHON of Property-is-theft celebrity. Dating from the "Conciergerie" the ardent man exclaims in his preface: "During the leisure of a long imprisonment" (a punishment for various social blasphemies) "whilst authority destroying my journalistic pen, withheld me from the warfare of the daily press, my revolutionary soul betook itself to a journey in the country of ideas," and has brought back from said country a closely printed octavo volume of three hundred and fifty pages. Like all the other writings of their singular author, the present book contains many striking things; for PROUDHON combines a Carlylean contempt of everybody but himself, with the personalities of COBBETT, and speaks in a sharp, clear, emphatic language, sprinkled with phrases from the terminology of a philosophic jargon as quaint as BENTHAM'S, though fetched from a much wider range than BENTHAM'S of speculative study. He attacks everybody and everything. Absolutism, Constitutionalism, Radicalism, Socialism, Communism; in short, all the "isms" of the age; the one great fact before which he bows down as before a divinity, being an all-powerful mysterious undefinable necessity, "The Revolution" which "is rushing upon you," he cries "at the rate of three thousand leagues a second." Some of his phrases and definitions stick in the memory. LOUIS PHILIPPE is "an old swindler" (*vieux fourbe*); GIZOT went about his work "with a naïveté of corruption;" ROBESPIERRE is "a bastard of LAYOLA'S," and little LOUIS BLANC "fancied himself the bee of the Revolution, whereas he was only its grasshopper." Did the reader ever hear the following anecdote of PROUDHON, which, whether true or not, is characteristic of our lively neighbours? He was lately about to be married to a lady of some property, and went like anybody else to a lawyer to draw up "settlements." The astonished notary, when PROUDHON unfolded his business, exclaimed: "What! was it not you that declared property to be a theft?" "Yes! Yes! my dear fellow," said Proudhon, "but let us be serious" (*Parlons sérieusement!*)

In History and Biography, the Continent has not been doing very much lately. There is a new or newer volume, the eleventh, of THIERS' *Consulate and Empire*, and a Paris journalist of high repute, M. DE LA GUERONNIÈRE, commences a promised series of *Portraits Politiques Contemporains* ("Portraits of Political Contemporaries,"), with a monograph of that "nephew of his uncle" the Prince-President of the French Republic. A M. LEONARD GALLOIS publishes in four volumes, with illustrations, a *Histoire de la Révolution de 1848* ("History of the Revolution of 1848,"), written from a republican-of-the-morrow point of view. SAINTE-BEUVE contributes to *The Constitutionnel* graceful sketches of the lately-deceased Duchess of ANGOULEME and of RIVAROL, the Royalist pamphleteer and man-of-all-work in the first revolution, famed for the plaintive epigram, "MIRABEAU is paid, not sold; I am sold, but not paid," one of the saddest predicaments that poor humanity can find itself in. A M. COINDET has compressed our WARBURTON'S *Prince Rupert* and the *Cavaliers* into a handy *Histoire de Prince Rupert* ("History of Prince Rupert,"). The Germans send us *The Leben und Reden Sir Robert Peel's* ("Life and Speeches of Sir Robert Peel,"), tolerably compiled by one KUNZEL, and Italy has produced a new *Life of Paganini*. Worthy of more extensive notice is EDOUARD FLEURY'S *Saint-Just et la Terreur* ("Saint-Just and the Reign of Terror,"), a biography of the "great Saint of the Mountain," the fellow-triumvir of ROBESPIERRE, and partaker of his fate, though not five-and-twenty; the fanatic young man who,

scarcely beginning life, declared, "for revolutionists there is no rest but in the tomb!" FLEURY is a clever and active young journalist in the department of the Aisne, SAINT-JUST'S birth-country,—the same who lately brought out the very interesting "Mémorial de Camille Desmoulins," already noticed here, and an equally interesting historical study, "Babœuf and Socialism in 1796," not previously noticed here. FLEURY has gone about his biographical task in the proper way; roamed up and down the country side, sketching the scenery in which his subject spent "a sulky adolescence," and collecting anecdotes and reminiscences. One of these is worth retailing. An old woman who knew SAINT-JUST well when a boy, pointed out "an alley of old trees" where he used to stalk and spout: when he came into the house, after one of these soliloquies, quoth the old woman, "he would say terrible things to us!"

The French and the Germans pretend that they hate each other (which, certainly, they have every reason to do), yet their constant mutual mockery sometimes reminds one of the flouting of *Beatrice* and *Benedict*, as if it veiled a certain unconscious affection. A Frenchman's travels in Germany, with his amiable pity for "ces bons Allemands," and a German's travels in France, with his perpetual wonderment over French liveliness and mobility always leave with us an impression of that kind. *Zwei Monate in Paris* ("Two Months in Paris,"), is the title of an amusing book from the pen of ADOLPH STAHR, a German professor, already known as a tour-writer by his "Year in Italy," and better known in the classical world by his *Aristotelica*, and other learned performances—a friend, moreover, of Miss FANNY LEWALD'S, and democratic-socialist to the back-bone. STAHR tells much that is interesting in a pleasant and lively way, recounts an interview with DUMAS (who is not so splendidly lodged as rumour reports), speculates knowingly upon LOUIS NAPOLEON, and has a chapter entitled "Der sterbende Aristophanes"—the dying ARISTOPHANES, poor HEINRICH HEINE to wit, of whom more anon. His indefatigable countryman, KOHL, has a new book just out, *Reisen im südlichen Deutschland* ("Travels in Southern Germany,"), surely that man must be the Wandering Jew! Mention of a pleasant paper on the late regatta in the new number of *The Revue des Deux Mondes* must close this portion of our task. It is signed "Colonel DE LA MOSKOWA," a son of NEY'S, we presume, and is dated "Isle of Wight." He is very saucy on our cookery, and asserts that England is the country where the "bifteak à l'Anglaise" is never to be procured—an assertion which the present writer, if he can trust to the evidence of his senses afforded this very day, begs most peremptorily to contradict!

The indolent poet GRAY'S, ideal of happiness was to "lie upon a sofa and read perpetually new novels by CREBILLON and MARIVAUX." Substitute for CREBILLON and MARIVAUX the names of some popular living French novelists, and many an Englishman and Englishwoman will echo the poet's saying. First in the list of recent French novels is the far-famed JULES JANIN'S *Gaïetés Champêtres* ("Rural Gaïeties"), which all Paris is eagerly devouring. The scene is laid in the era of LOUIS XV., and the story (alas!) is worthy of the period, and must not be recited here. More innocent are *Les derniers paysans* ("The Last Peasants"), by EMILE SOUVESTRE, a cycle of graphic, and, for the most part, gloomy stories, meant to embalm the superstitions, which still linger among the peasantry of Brittany, soon to be dispelled by the march of civilisation. ARMAND BARTHET'S *Henriette*, though a touching tale, is not to be recommended. ALPHONSE KARR, a writer scarcely so well known in England as he deserves to be, promises *Récits sur la Plage* ("Stories from the Sea Shore,"). KARR is the only living French novelist who reminds one at all of THACKERAY, of whom he has some of the caustic bitterness, but none of the light playfulness. He first became known by his *Guêpes* ("Wasps"), a periodical consisting of little, sharp, sarcastic, and isolated sentences, aimed at the quacks and quackeries of the day. With all this, he has a true feeling for nature, sometimes, however, carried to an absurd length. Thus, in a recent book of his, *Voyage autour de mon Jardin* ("Journey round my Garden"), he drew an ingenious comparison between one of his old trees and himself. "The tree has lasted, and will last, for generations: I will soon be gone. The tree puts on new leaves every spring: I have irrevocably lost two teeth. Why then do I call the

tree mine?" You forgot, M. KARR, that you could cut the tree down, whenever it pleased you; an evident superiority on your part. And, finally, LOUIS REYBAUD, whose diverting *Jerome Paturot* has been as much read in England as in France, announces *Athanase Robichon Candidat Perpetuel à la Présidence de la République* ("Athanase Robichon, perpetual Candidate for the Presidency of the Republic"), a title which promises fun.

And now for Poetry and the Drama. "New Poems by GOETHE." Yes; but by WOLFGANG VON GOETHE, a youthful grandson of the great man's, bent on keeping up the honour of the family. Of all poems to be clothed in a new German dress in these revolutionary days, which does the reader fancy two industrious Teutons have been "translating and elucidating?" The *Rime of the amorous FRANCESCO PETRARCA*; and the names of the adventurous pair are "K. KEKALE and L. VON BIEGELEBEN." At last we have come to poor HEINRICH HEINE, the expatriated German, and for many years a denizen of Paris. CHATEAUBRIAND died there, in the June of 1848, the boom of CAVAIGNAC's cannon sounding in his ears. The same year, just as the Revolution was breaking out, the lively pleasure-seeking sceptic, HEINE, was struck by paralysis, and has lain ever since in constant expectation of death. The "dying Aristophanes" has been, busy, however, in his vocation; and the current number of *The Revue des Deux Mondes* publishes, in a French translation, some bits of a strange congeries of poems of his, about to be published in German, with the title of "Romancero." A brief prose notice prefixed announces that the sceptic has become a believer, and hurls defiance at the Hegelians, refusing (to use his own words) "to herd swine with them any longer." With this, and the intelligence that PONSARD, the new French dramatic classicist, has brought out a collected edition of his tragedies, our summary of Foreign Literature may terminate for the present.

*Ludwig Kossuth and Clemens Metternich.* Von SIGMUND KOLISCH. *Louis Kossuth und Clemens Metternich.* By SIGMUND KOLISCH. Leipzig: Ernest Keil and Company.

*Kossuth's Brant. Kossuth's Bride.* Romance by THEODORE SCHEIBE. Vienna and Leipzig: Stöckholzer and Hirschfeld 1851.

It is the fate of men who play their part upon the human stage conspicuously for good or evil, to become at some period the subjects of history, or its martyrs, according to the conscience of the historian. Often, as time progresses, even these memorials are dragged from the dull repose of chronicles, and made to serve upon the pages of romance as fantastic models for future generations. But, although the second portrait is usually more distorted than the first, yet, taken as it is, in due order of succession, the shades dimly flitting in the distance of time, doubtless travel onward undisturbed, while all that remains to them on earth—a name—is unscrupulously used, "to point a moral, or adorn a tale."

But the case is altered, when a man, struggling bodily against the realities of life, finds himself suddenly wafted away into the realms of fiction; and there, as M. KOSSUTH may at this moment, be left in serious perplexity to discover his own identity.

M. KOLISCH is one of KOSSUTH's fervent admirers, and his work expands to several volumes, in which truth and fiction, sentiment and opinion, politics and passion, are mingled in an easy flowing and amusing manner. The plot comprises the whole period of its hero's career, and is necessarily diffuse. The author's knowledge of affairs is exceedingly versatile. The intrigues of the palace, the mysteries of METTERNICH, the divisions in the House of Hapsburg, are freely communicated to the reader, who is thus obligingly introduced to the private life of certain imperial personages.

M. KOLISCH graphically describes the horrors of KOSSUTH's early imprisonment. We select a few passages from the long and minute detail:

Kossuth was buried in a dark vault, surrounded by cold, humid, and dirty walls. Two narrow iron barred windows close to the ceiling, scarcely allowed a feeble light to glimmer into this abode of wretchedness. The genial air of the season which spread enchantment over all the scene beyond, failed to penetrate the damp icy chilliness of this cell. Here it was winter although the flowers blossomed and the birds sang in the summer sunshine without. Such were the quarters allotted to the most noble of men! A table, a stool, a bed of

straw, comprised the whole furniture of the apartment, but thanks to poverty's previous lessons, the difference was not so great in this respect between Kossuth's former life and present. His diet consisted of bread and water, at noon some vegetables were added; three times a day, when his meals were brought to him the door of his grave was opened and again shut. At first his solitude had not been broken during the whole day, the clang of keys, the sliding of bolts, were the only sounds that varied the endless stillness which reigned as if the world were dead.

The Author's indignation is aroused at the supineness of the Hungarian people, who tacitly consented to the martyrdom of their advocate: he exclaims—

Unthankful people! Are such true love and service thus forgotten? Why have your women eyes but to weep for him!—Why have your men arms but to fight for him!—Why have your mountains iron but to afford weapons for his rescue?—Why have you gold in your coffers but to purchase liberty for him, the noblest Magyar! And yet your gold, your iron, your arms, your eyes, belong not to yourselves but to the Lords you serve, poor, weak, and thankless people! Hardly is there a man in this wide land of the Magyar who dare ask—Where is Kossuth? None dare ask, for tyranny hates the question, and so pines in an Austrian dungeon Hungary's truest friend and bravest citizen!

For a long time, M. KOLISCH asserts, the prisoner was denied the use of pen and paper, and the consolation of books; at length, after repeated applications, he was granted this indulgence, but to his extreme surprise, no sooner had he perpetrated a page or two when the commander of the prison entered his cell in person and seized the document; this was carried to METTERNICH, and by a singular train of events came subsequently into the author's possession with a translation enriched by the Minister's criticisms. We subjoin a few specimens from this double column of political sagacity, but unfortunately the remarks are neither very original nor very profound. METTERNICH is far inferior in acuteness to his supposed model, MACHIAVEL, and KOSSUTH does not appear to strike out from his confinement any new ideas. Occasionally his political observations are enlivened by reference to his own position and to his beloved THERESA, now Madame KOSSUTH.

*Kossuth in Prison, August 14, 1837.*

Necessity is the spring of all movements. Revolutions are nothing more than the effect of a developed necessity.

A change in the form of government operates no real change, unless modified in connection with the character, disposition, and nature of the people.

How dismal is it in my prison, how distant and how noiseless the world seems to me as it goes by. If I am measured by the greatness of my sacrifice, by my disinterestedness, certainly I should be remembered as a great man!

Why did the tribune, Cola di Rienzi, fall? Because he endeavoured to create a republic when there were no republicans. So fell Brutus and Cassius, because they were the last Romans. Caesar died, but Caesars followed—a tyrant bled, but tyranny was not destroyed; therefore could neither of these three save Rome.

M. KOLISCH does not attribute to his hero clear views of history. BRUTUS and CASSIUS were not the last Romans, but the last Roman aristocrats of their time. The absolutism of JULIUS CÆSAR represented the energy of an oppressed people's despair—a people who were not revolutionists, but whose whole national existence was passed in efforts to escape by legal means from illegal injustice. COLA DI RIENZI belonged to a different period. The imperial dignity had ruled its hour, and perished in corruption, and when the

Tribune, whose firm cry roused a people, subsequently strove to decorate himself in that old, faded, and despoiled purple, he fell, a victim to his own inconsistency.

One man cannot establish a tyranny—Napoleon could not have done it. People tyrannise over themselves, one party over the other. The French were weary of treading down each other, when they resigned the task to one man. Nero found willing instruments: the Emperor Joseph could not. Absolutism is an empty term.

A single man, tyrant or deliverer, succeeds only as far as he realises the idea of the many.

Oh, if thou could'st lay thy hand on my forehead, Theresa! but without sharing the horrors of this dungeon, for then were I doubly condemned!

Why are my enemies warmer in their enmity than my friends in their friendship?

The fall of a people is not a misfortune, but a fault.

Poland's fate must be a memento mori for Hungary.

Shortly before the French revolution, Catherine of Russia caused 30,000 Tartars to be massacred, without distinction of age, sex, or condition, for refusing to depart into the Turkish dominions. The event was hardly mentioned, and the death of Louis XVI. and his Queen soon excited more attention than that of 30,000 Tartars.

KOSSUTH was released from prison on the 12th of May, 1838; and M. KOLISCH dates from the intrigues of the Princess SOPHIA in favour of her son, and her struggle with METTERNICH, after the imprisonment of her confessor, November 18, 1837, the commencement of the revolution which exploded in Austria eleven years later.

The writer of the second novel upon our list, THEODORE SCHEIBE, holds in praiseworthy antipathy the idea of revolt in general, and revolt against Austrian authority in particular. Notwithstanding, he appears to have enjoyed the advantage of an intimate acquaintance with M. KOSSUTH. He has penetrated his most hidden thoughts, become master of his most delicate secrets, been present at his tenderest moments, and witnessed his remorseful tears. He is, therefore, qualified to relate a circumstance in the life of the Hungarian Chief, probably as new to M. KOSSUTH as to any of our readers.

In the first place, however, we must remark that the title, *Kossuth's Bride*, is a misnomer, the lady so designated not being a bride at all, for, though endowed with the rarest gifts of beauty and intelligence, betrothed to one man and beloved by another, she fails in securing an establishment, solely from want of being able to ascertain the true state of her affections with reference to the two suitors, both eminently possessing the external power to please, but differing widely in political and moral sentiments; the one devotedly loyal, the other, like the fair Magyar maiden herself, devotedly patriotic.

The story opens with a description of the seat of an Hungarian nobleman, upon which he resides, in company with his hounds, his horses, his niece, and his only son. The Magyar—proud, hospitable, and free-hearted—is introduced seated at table surrounded by implements of the chase, while his young niece, ERCA, entertains her uncle and cousin by reading aloud the ancient chronicles of her native country. ISTVAN HOGARTH seems displeased, because the book closes with the year 1710, and contains no record of that famous period when MARIA THERESA, in the sole strength of her womanly weakness and distress, with her infant in her hand, weeping upon a tottering throne, was led back to Empire by the gallant loyalty of Hungarian hearts. Recalling the glories of this historic scene, the father adjoins his son, LADISLAUS, never to depart from the loyal tradition of his ancestors; but to be ready at any sacrifice or peril, to serve faithfully his country and his King. The youth

You are right: the people like and require a yoke. They would belong rather to a Nero than to a Joseph. Absolutism is an empty term. True—it should be called diplomacy. We do not rule without restriction, but we understand how to enlarge the conditions.

True; and therefore there are so many fortunate tyrants, and so few deliverers.

Very tender: too much so for a statesman.

Because there is truth in enmity, but none in friendship.

True.



inquires why ISTVAN uses invariably the term "King," and never "Emperor," when speaking of their Sovereign. He receives the following reply:

Are you a Magyar, and ignorant of the Hungarian constitution! the dearest inheritance our fathers left? through which the affairs of Hungary, a great and independent state, are regulated by national assemblies such as no other kingdom in the world can boast. Our own kings were ever sworn to respect this our right and freedom. Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, Transylvania, and the frontier lands are subject to us, nor dare any royal minister contemplate a change without permission or consultation of our own assemblies.

ERCY, after listening to her uncle's somewhat dry disquisition, suggests that these admired institutions are not absolutely faultless. She is duly admonished for this bold assertion, but the family controversy is suspended at this point by the roaring outside of the angry elements in a terrific storm. At the same moment, the hound, who performs a porter's office, and watches at the gate, bays hideously. A carriage rolls through the court-yard, and two strangers are knocking for admission. They enter, no less important personages than those whose names are written in large characters at the head of the chapter from which we quote—"The Count BATTHYANY and the notary LOUIS KOSSUTH."

The Magnate and our patriotic Magyar are old friends, therefore, the first warm greeting over, the former announces KOSSUTH in due form, as a notary and writer of celebrity. ISTVAN is not remarkable for literary attainments. He has not before heard fame's report of his distinguished guest, and is more gratified when BATTHYANY adds—"He is, beside, a Noble and an Hungarian who has no peer." This pleasing fact imparted, ISTVAN at once extends his hand, exclaiming—"To me, the title Gentleman and Hungarian, is worth fifty thousand notaries, journalists, and verse-makers!"

Mutually satisfied, the party return to table and partake of ISTVAN HOGARTH's hospitality. Count BATTHYANY directs attention to the adventures of his companion, and ERCY:

While the soft blue eye of Kossuth rested upon her, and his clear sweet voice melted in her ears, listened with inexpressible emotion to the tale of his imprisonment and political martyrdom.

Then, as if afraid that Austrian susceptibilities might be wounded by a too glowing description of the Ex-Governor's strange power to fascinate, the German author observes: "Such a charm is exerted over an attentive audience by some admired actor's modulated tones."

KOSSUTH, as the young ERCY had done just before, reviews with impartiality the faults of his native country. ISTVAN warmly contends:

What land, I ask, is happier than our own? Are we plagued here with conscription, tobacco monopoly, taxes on provision, police, port duties and a thousand other impositions? Have not the county assemblies an independent right to regulate our internal affairs? Must not the German, Croatian and Slovach, modestly doff their caps to us? Have not we nobles, great or little, more privilege, more liberty than all the Sovereign Princes of Germany put together? The peasant owes us service and contribution, and we can beat him if he offers to rebel. We pay no taxes, are troubled with no customs, and our decisions are the law whoever murmurs.

ERCY questions the philosophy and denies the justice which places one class of the population at the feet of another. She continues in a strain of enthusiasm, and KOSSUTH is in turn transfixed with astonishment at her inspired beauty and eloquent words. BATTHYANY is not unmoved:

So young! he said, with his usual chivalrous condescension; so young, buried in a desert, and yet so bold a spirit! You are an example for all Hungarian maidens.

The following day is devoted to the pleasures of the chase, and an anecdote occurs illustrative of the character of Count BATTHYANY:

Count Batthyany passionately loved the chase; it is well known that once at his palace at Pesth he had a wolf turned loose and hunted in his garden. The sport, however, ended tragically, for Batthyany, himself taking refuge in a tree, had the misery of seeing his friend Baron Legard so torn by the enraged beast that he expired an hour afterwards.

At the close of the day's sport BATTHYANY explains to ISTVAN the motive for his sudden

visit. He requests an asylum for KOSSUTH where he may remain during the winter secured from the enmity of METTERNICH. ISTVAN readily assents, he says:

I honour the opposition so long as it does not lead to revolution; so long as it fights legally under the conservative banner. Hungary must not allow one iota of her constitution to be juggled away. It is our duty to transmit to our children the inheritance bequeathed by our fathers: to behold our constitution destroyed by the introduction of untried novelties would bring me with sorrow to the grave.

Kossuth was silent.

The magnate cordially pronounced his opinion in accordance with Istvan's noble sentiments, for then his thought was pure; he foresaw not that his favourite idea would conjure up a demon, and that a demon once conjured cannot be repressed. Batthyany was the protector and victim of Kossuth's ambition. In pursuit of glory they went a stage or two together, and then their paths diverged and met no more.

KOSSUTH remains domiciled with the HOGARTH family, and it is not astonishing that he should become a sort of ABELEARD to the charming HELOISE of the Hungarian wild.

M. SCHEIBE appears to doubt the orthodoxy of KOSSUTH's religious, or the soundness of his political notions, but the fanaticism of his fair pupil is exalted to the highest pitch. KOSSUTH concludes that the possessor of a mind so thoroughly in unison with his own, must needs be willing to share his destiny. The day before that fixed for his departure, he informs ERCY that although the ceremony of betrothal has passed between her and LADISLAUS, she does not and she cannot love her cousin. She denies the inference but with a sigh so sad that before she is aware, she finds herself pressed in the embrace of KOSSUTH; his lips touch hers. One moment, and she repels him hastily and disappears. KOSSUTH, very naturally does not attach much importance to this rejection; he quits the Magyar's hospitable home, and two days afterwards writes to ISTVAN to make proposals for his niece's hand. The latter occasions the old nobleman great concern; his dearest wish is to see accomplished the marriage of ERCY and LADISLAUS. Yet he will not oppose their inclination; he gives the letter to his children and ERCY is free to decide.

LADISLAUS wins.

But ISTVAN HOGARTH will not consent to the immediate union of the youthful pair, neither of whom have reached their 18th year; the regiment of hussars to which LADISLAUS belongs is ordered to Italy, and his father insists that he shall serve his time. He accordingly sets out for Pesth, where KOSSUTH is staying, and carries him the letter of refusal.

At the end of the page ERCY had written a few words "I love my Ladislaus inexpressibly. God preserve you, God preserve me. Farewell Louis—for ever." A tear had fallen upon the last word. "Poor immolated lamb!" cried Kossuth at last in a tone of sorrow. "Dragged ruthlessly to the slaughter! She has deserved a better fate than that prepared for her."

"What do you mean," said Ladislaus, rising, and reddening with anger.

"I mean," answered Kossuth passionately, "that you are come to triumph over me. I mean, that from ambition, vanity, and revenge, you have fettered to yourself that unhappy girl. Hatred is your motive, and ruin will be the result. Imprudent young man, your first conquest will bring you no laurels, for the root of bitterness will strike into your soul and poison every hour to you and ERCY."

LADISLAUS retorts, scornfully reproaching KOSSUTH with having perverted his cousin's enthusiastic mind and fantastic imagination. KOSSUTH is for some time stunned and prostrated by this stroke. The sight of the map of Hungary and the busts of WASHINGTON, MIRABEAU, and YPSILANTI, which adorn his chamber, happily recall him to the necessity for action. He resolves to forget ERCY, to marry. He adopts, however, a most original mode to guide his second choice, he allows the lot to fall upon a list of noble houses, and chance points to the name MESZLEYNY; he prefers his suit and is accepted by THERESA, a daughter of that family.

A year later he was the father of a son. Louis appeared to love his wife, and said once in Meszley's presence, "Habit and tenderness produce affection and household happiness, I am a gamester who has no reason to complain, for I left my fate to chance, and did not draw a blank with my Theresa."

Years have glided by, and we approach the

memorable epoch of 1848, when according to our author—

The revolutionary, liberty miasma, spread from Paris over Germany and Italy. From state to state, from race to race. For thirty-five years the freedom of the press had been guaranteed to Germany, with the right of representation to the people; but for thirty-five years continual restrictions had been legally imposed because the German people during thirty-five years had been giddy with the possession of far too much dangerous freedom, and because for thirty-five years the influence of the red demagogues had rapidly extended. March came, and what these long preceding years failed in effecting was completed in one day. A single sunbeam pierced through the chaotic darkness. A proclamation declared the people ripe to receive the freest constitution on the broadest basis. So stood affairs in Germany.

Metternich had looked abroad upon the revolutionary movements with half disdainful, half observing eye. What wind, indeed, should waft the flame to Austria; her frontier at least his master hand had well secured.

From the interior discontent seemed banished, and an apparent liberalism sufficed the public.

It was Kossuth first who with his inflammatory speeches tore the monarchy asunder, his storm bell sounded far over the heads of the reformers. A blow was struck. Metternich fled. The constitution played her fete day out and absolutism resumed its place.

An hour of transport broke from thirty-five millions of men, when the noble Ferdinand, the sign of peace upon his Imperial brow, proclaimed, with a seraph's ecstasy, the advent of liberty and love. To Austria's misfortunes Hungary's desire for separation most contributed. The Hungarian Parliament endeavoured to mingle into one battle cry, freedom, nonconformity, and the reverse of brotherhood. What wonder if the holy spirit of freedom shunned such unholy alliance.

It cannot be denied that the faults of Hungary were more fatal than the steps of the invader, that the spirit of exclusiveness pervaded her counsels, that the South Slavonian races were treated with contempt rather than conciliation by the old Magyar party, and that even the Poles who were in arms by their side were regarded with suspicious jealousy. But this charge in the mouth of a German excites to comparison. Were German reformers in the great year of excitement such friends to unity, and with so little prejudice of race? were the people of Posen more respected by the Prussian Revolutionists than the South Slavonians by the Magyars? We cannot help quoting from a pamphlet published at Breslau in 1848, the words of Captain ZIELINSKI:—"Go to Vienna and see with what disdainful irony even the liberals ridicule the pretensions of Prussia to supremacy. Go to Prussia and see how all the people rub their hands and jest at those poor Viennese, for their attempt at constitutional empire, and their adoration for an idiot Emperor."

The moral is, that unity is rare in revolution.

To proceed with the tale. ISTVAN HOGARTH and his niece abandon their secure retreat and enter Pesth, where soon they are involved in the vortex of the revolution. By a course of singular events they are established in the house of a Polish Jew, BARUCH TINKOWSKY, who proves to be a financial agent of KOSSUTH's. The young Hussar LADISLAUS holds true to government, and is bitterly offended because ERCY writes him continual exhortations to rally to the patriotic standard. In one letter she alludes with satisfaction to the amnesty of ROSA SÁNDOR, the freebooter, who with his band was pardoned upon condition of serving the revolutionary cause. The author remarks in a note:—

This act of grace, by which a robber was exalted into a military chief, was the most detestable (we give the German word, as more expressive) *verdamungswürdigste*—act of the revolutionists; and threw a black shadow upon the moral character of the leaders who permitted it.

What was one native robber, M. SCHEIBE, compared to 200,000 Russians turned loose upon this unhappy country?

But villany of a deeper dye offers to lend itself to KOSSUTH's service. We are admitted to the Hungarian Governor's reception-chamber, where "an Italian of middle age, with deeply sunken eyes and long black beard," one GUIDO ARMELLI, communicates the extraordinary fact that he was physician to the late DUKE DE FRASLIN; that he possesses preparations which far exceed in virtue the celebrated aqua tofana, and proposes to create in the camp of KOSSUTH's foes a deadly disease that shall resemble cholera. The wretch is executed, by order of the Hungarian chiefs, as a reward for his frightful ingenuity, but not before

the Jew, TINKOWSKY, has procured an opiate, with which, by aid of a Mahometan woman, his confidential companion, he practices upon the unfortunate ERCY. She is rescued by the opportune arrival of KOSSUTH.

We pass to the mention of a battle. The Governor has reckoned upon the aid of 300,000 men, and has succeeded in raising but 2,000. BEM rides beside him, and predicts from the aspect and arrangement of the Hungarian troops, their present undertaking will be "a tragical parody of the Polish revolution. He is called a traitor in return by the Magyar generals, a term that does not induce the ill-starred Polish soldier to alter his opinion. In this combat ERCY mingles. She is wounded in the head, and once more saved by KOSSUTH. From that period, poor ERCY, half enthusiastic and half insane, raves inspiration to the Hungarian patriots.

LADISLAUS has been taken prisoner by GEORGY, and sent to his father for safe custody. ERCY, who believed him dead, is overcome with joy at his return. Coldly she is repulsed, and the young man informs his father that her incurable opinions have alienated his affections, that he is now betrothed to a woman of more temperate feelings, "to an Angel,"—declares he will never tolerate the revolutionary party, and urges ISTVAN to aid in his escape. After many remonstrances, and in profound sorrow, the father yields. ERCY, whose reason this last anguish has totally overthrown, wildly rushes out, and publishes the tale: the fugitives are pursued, the crowd meet ISTVAN, alone, returning, and he is sacrificed to their furious indignation.

Subsequently, BARUCH TINKOWSKY meets with poetical justice.

But the last scene of all is laid. On one of his triumphant days LOUIS KOSSUTH enters the neighbourhood which had once afforded him a refuge, and witnessed the one romance of his eventful existence. He escapes from his followers and revisits the place where ISTVAN's mansion had formerly stood, now a blackened ruin, for here the infuriated mob had wreaked their vengeance. KOSSUTH learns the details from a swine-herd on the spot, and in the agony of that moment he beholds approaching what seems a spectre, and is the wreck of ERCY; she recognises him, and in her madness claims to be his bride; he tears himself away, and she, overcome by the emotion, dies.

KOSSUTH hears the conclusion some days afterwards from a physician he has sent to attempt the cure of the desolate wanderer. Before him also lies exile and the Asiatic shore, and thus closes sorrowfully the German story of "Kossuth's Bride."

#### BLOOMERISM.

It may look like dancing in triumph over an enemy's grave, but Bloomerism, though very dead, is yet so hateful a monster that we can leave nothing undone to prevent its resurrection into life. This extraordinary piece of madness was foretold by our greatest wit, DEAN SWIFT, in his *Annus Mirabilis*. "Then" says he "shall the males be transformed into females, and the females into males;" a coincidence which is very remarkable. The following article, originally from the pen of ALPHONSE KARR, the great feuilletonist, is very appropriate, and we recommend it to the earnest consideration of our readers, male and female, and neuter (i.e. the Bloomers).

The power that a beautiful woman exercises over even the strongest minded man, is beyond what even she imagines; reason can only prove to us that we yield ourselves to an illusion, but does not give us either the strength or the will to dissipate it. It is woman alone that can dispel the charm that binds us to her.

In their audacious experiments upon the extent of this power, the women of the present day remind me of a tight-rope-lancer, who throws away her balancing pole and tries how far she can go on without falling. The highest charm of a woman is to be feminine; she never can be too much so; all about her should be peculiar to herself. As I recognise the print of a female foot upon the sand, so, if a beautiful woman were even to pare her nails, I should never mistake them for the nails of a man; her locks are not like the locks of a man; her skin is of quite another stuff; her thoughts, too, should be feminine as the music of her voice.

When, therefore, the features, manners, or ideas of a woman, resemble those of a man, even in the slightest degree, she loses not only a charm, but the greatest charm of all. A woman whose hair is close cropped, is not a complete woman; a blue stocking is even less so. There exists in women an instinct, admirable as all their

instincts are (for the dear creatures, so liberally endowed, only deceive themselves when they think); this instinct leads them to exaggerate their feebleness and timidity, as we, on our side, exaggerate our strength and courage.

The manners of women have, for some time past, taken a very extraordinary turn; young girls laugh and cry out loudly in the drawing-rooms, and, carry themselves toward young men as young men do to one another, that is to say, in a sort of hail-fellow fashion. Moreover, ladies shake hands openly with men, as men shake hands together. This is very far from that ancient French *politesse*, under whose laws a gentleman did not even dare to present his ungloved hand to a lady, holding it for a mark of disrespect, even to touch her uncovered hand. It is very far from what a great actor said to a young man, who thought to prove his passion by grasping violently the hand of some *Aricie* or *Berenice* to whom he was pouring out his soul in amorous Alexandrines; "Wretch!" said the man of genius, "you love her not; if you loved her, you would not so much as dare to touch the hem of her garment; it would burn you."

It is said that very lately a conspiracy has risen up in England against petticoats—a conspiracy tending, at least, to shorten them very considerably in France. The women of fashion, at this very time, are wearing men's waistcoats, men's cravats, men's shoes, and little false collars turned under the ears. Add to these the grasping of hands, the short petticoats, the loud speaking, a few arguments on politics, and a little beard, and there will no longer be any real women in the sex. I demand then the creation of a third sex—something really loveable—to replace the degenerate and hybrid race.

I never yet met with a woman who was too feminine, but very often with women who were not sufficiently so. A woman in male attire inspires me with disgust. I am horrified at even hearing a masculine epithet addressed to a woman. When a woman says of herself, "I am a capital fellow," or "I am a good sort of chap," I think I should prefer to hear her say, "I am a rogue," so great is my dread of seeing a woman transformed into anything but a woman; above all things, into a man. To be a rogue is not a quality, nor a charm; but, at least, it may be a feminine vice; as an ill-made nose looks better in the centre of a human face than the handsomest bird's-beak, or the straightest brass trumpet.

I, therefore, give my open vote against the new fashion of masculine clothes and masculine manners. I entreat the women, for their own sakes, for ours, and in the name of Love—the only serious thing in the world—to return to their places, and to remain there. I trust that this experiment is a mere piece of empty boasting. They have been often told that they owe a great deal to their dress, that it is the beauty of their costumes, and the absurdity of ours, that raises them so far above us in grace and beauty; and now they wish to show us that they are the beautiful, and see the ugly sex, in whatsoever dress they may be habited. If, however, I am deceived in this—if it be really a serious matter—a thing to last and become established, I ought to inform the ladies of one thing, and that is, that all the world will not be of my opinion. In the first place, there is a large class of men who will be delighted to free themselves from the obligation of loving them, and who will be only too glad to have so excellent a pretext for doing so. But the reply to this is, that such as these have never loved at all; and as to the rest, what says the Philosopher? "The punishment of those who have loved too much is to love always."

But I hold another and a better argument in hand, and here it is. The men, or rather, calling them by their real names, the husbands, will encourage their spouses in adopting the male fashions. *How pretty! How remarkably becoming!* they will say to their better halves; *that puletot gives you a most piquant air; from henceforth all the quilted waistcoats, false collars, leather shoes, and great coats made of pilot-cloth, with bone and horn buttons, are for you, they become you most charmingly; but what shall we do with the cashmere, the silks, the feathers, the lace, the jewels, and the precious stones? Why, let us wear these ourselves; let us invent a costume after the Oriental fashion to employ all these splendours. That will be the plan; so, down with the petticoats! and hurrah for quilted waistcoats and leather shoes!*

See what a cunning snare these husbands are pushing you into, and which I want you to avoid. I shall say no more about it for the present.

#### MEDICINE.

##### THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

BY CELSUS.

##### I. NEW BOOKS.

DR. WARDROP'S work on *Diseases of the Heart*,

(Churchill, 1851, 8vo. pp. 587), has been received. It is a valuable and interesting volume; but it has not the same stamp of minutely accurate and original clinical research, as the writings of other recent authors upon the same subject. The plan of the book being, however, so different from those followed by Drs. WALSHE, CHEEVERS, &c. it is not fair to institute a comparison between it and them. Soon after the publication of LÉNEC's work on *Auscultation*, and particularly at the time when Dr. HOPE, Dr. C. J. B. WILLIAMS and others, were zealously introducing to the notice of the profession their admirable researches into the causes of the sounds of the heart, and into the diagnosis of its diseases, a great enthusiasm was manifested in the profession; and the sensation thus produced among physicians extended to the whole community; in whom, as a natural consequence, a sort of panic was produced, as the bearings of the discoveries then being made, could neither be understood, or adequately appreciated by any except well-educated medical men. Nervous ladies, dyspeptic gentlemen, and even some of the hale and the healthy were struck with dismay; and the consulting-rooms of the prominent London physicians, were crowded with persons who fancied they had disease of the heart or aneurism of the aorta! It too often happened that the discovery of a slight and curable cardiac disease caused the most injurious despondency, and sometimes proved even a sentence of death. The *Heart-panic* was at its height about fifteen years ago. The public are now fortunately beginning to understand, that although diseases of the heart are known to be much more frequent than was formerly imagined, they are likewise known to be in very many instances, remediable, and much more amenable to treatment than various other maladies, the mention of which is received with far less dread. It ought also to be remembered, that even when structural changes in the organ cannot be removed, pain may be averted, and life protracted to its usual term, by attention to judicious hygienic and therapeutic rules. In the worst cases medicine can often do much. ANDRAL of Paris, in a brief sentence quoted by Dr. WARDROP, thus expresses himself:—"Complaints of the heart ought to be placed among those affections which having carried patients as near as possible to the grave, may yet be so remedied, as to permit of a long existence."—Dr. R. ROWLAND on *Softening of the Brain*. This is a very acceptable contribution to medical literature. Though the book only consists of 137 pages, it nevertheless treats instructively of the nature and treatment of one of the most formidable and difficult diseases which the physician has to encounter.—Mr. W. BOWMAN has published, by request, the *Address* which he delivered at King's College on the 1st of October, on occasion of the opening of the twentieth session of the Medical Department. It is an admirable discourse—well adapted to young men about to commence the difficult and deeply responsible study of medicine. In every page it breathes sound science, healthful morals, and true religion. The following extract contains a seasonable and impressive admonition:—"The Dissecting Rooms are a scene of study to which no other profession affords a parallel. While they retain their novelty, you cannot enter them without a certain reverential awe, inspired by the thought that you are walking among the dead. An earnest and right-minded man will not too forcibly repress this feeling; nor forget, in that customary place, the honour due to human dust; nor dismiss his own mortality from his recollection, so as to behave with any unbecoming or ill-timed levity. He will strictly apply himself when there, to the acquisition of the necessary knowledge, sometimes reminding himself that the dead body on which he operates, has once been tenanted by the soul of man; that in all probability the Divine Spirit has once deigned His presence there; and finally, that its scattered elements are destined to be one day reconstructed, &c., in a purified state of incorruption, to resume their mysterious but essential part in the life of an immortal being."

##### II. MEDICAL SOCIETIES.

HARVEIAN SOCIETY.—On the 6th instant, Dr. JAMES BIRD read a paper entitled "*Practical Observations on the Pathology and Treatment of Croup*." The main object of the author was to point out the important differences in treatment which are demanded by the modifications in the pathology and the disease, as met with in practice. A fierce inflammatory croup, with actual or impending exudation, will require very different



measures from that other form of the disease, in which spasm is the predominant element; and the frank and violent character of the inflammation generally met with in robust children living in the country, must be very differently dealt with from that low, diphtheritic type, so common amongst the puny offspring of a cotton-spinning population.

### III. HOME RESORTS FOR INVALIDS.

**BATH.**—Dr. TUNSTALL has recalled attention to the ancient and deserved fame of the Bath Thermal Springs, called by the Romans "The Waters of the Sun." The fashionable world do not throng to the gaieties of Bath as they did fifty years ago; but the sick poor seem to resort to its hospital, for the sake of the waters, as much as they ever did.

The work of Dr. TUNSTALL (London, 1850) deserves attention, as a good exposition of the nature of the cases likely to benefit by the Bath waters. Persons suffering from what Dr. TUNSTALL terms "brain-fag," are much improved by a course of the waters; they are also specially beneficial in dyspepsia, local paralysis, and leprosy. The author writes from extended personal observation, having been for some time resident medical officer in the hospital. The Bath waters maintain a uniform temperature of 115 degrees F. "By their internal administration" says Dr. TUNSTALL, "they stimulate the capillary vessels of the stomach, increase the nervous energy, and the volume and frequency of the pulse; promote the secretions, more particularly of the liver, skin, and kidneys; and by this means restore impaired and disordered functions to their natural condition, in fact producing a tonic and stimulant effect, more rapidly than any other form in which iron can be administered. And if we regard these waters merely as an article of the *Materia Medica*, an experience of many generations has proved them to be the best form of administering this valuable mineral." For the cure of some diseases the Bath waters are of no avail; and under certain circumstances they are decidedly prejudicial. Bath possesses a temperature five degrees F. warmer than any inland town of England; and is an economical and pleasant place of residence. Those who wish for information regarding Bath, its thermal waters, and its ancient history, may consult the following works in addition to that of Dr. TUNSTALL: SUTHERLAND (Dr. ALEXANDER) *Attempt to ascertain and extend the Virtues of Bath and Bristol Water*, 2nd edition, London: 1784. SAME AUTHOR, *Nature and Qualities of Bristol Water, with Practical Reflections on Bath Waters, occasionally interspersed*. Bristol: 1758. RANDOLPH (GEORGE, M.D.) *on the Medicinal Virtues of Bath Waters*. Oxford: 1745. SPRY (Mr. J. H.) *Practical Treatise on the Bath Waters*. London: 1822. FALCONER (Dr. WILLIAM) *On the Medicinal Effects of the Bath Waters*. 3rd edition, London: 1807. The last named author published in 1786 a *Brief Account of the newly discovered Mineral Water at Middle-hill, near Dor, in Wiltshire*.

### IV. CHIT-CHAT AND DISCOVERIES.

**BELLADONNA AGAINST SCARLET FEVER.**—The value of belladonna, as a prophylactic against scarlet fever, though disbelieved by many practitioners, is, I think, pretty generally supposed to have some foundation in truth. That its preservative power, however, is by no means great and unquestionable, appears very clearly from a complete digest of the information which exists on the subject, recently published by Dr. PORCHER in *The Charleston Medical Journal*, and reprinted in *The London Journal of Medicine*, for November. It is well known, that a greater number of persons resist the contagion of scarlet fever than of measles and hooping-cough, so that, when the belladonna is administered to numerous families in a district, we must not ascribe the exemption in all of those who escape, to the prophylactic powers of the drug. On the other hand, every case of scarlet fever occurring in a person who has been treated by the belladonna, is either an argument against the universality of its preservative powers, or a proof that it has, in that case, been inadequately administered—the medicine has not proved prophylactic, either because it was intrinsically non-prophylactic, or because the mode of giving it was such as to prevent its prophylactic power from being manifested. The success of the belladonna would afford a better statistical aspect were all the cases in which it was administered in infinitesimal doses withdrawn, and the results calculated solely from the experiments of rational experimenters. In fact, it is

but fair to exclude the experiments of the infinitesimalists, as the existence of their doses cannot be demonstrated, and as the possibility of their producing any effects upon the system is entirely repudiated by the great mass of educated medical men. Upon the whole, I am inclined to think that, although it is manifest that all who take belladonna, even in rational doses, are not safe during an epidemic of scarlet fever, yet the facts seem to warrant us in concluding, that a larger number of those who take it resist the poison than of others. It is, therefore, supposing this view to be correct, proper to use it as a prophylactic; and, if it be generally employed, a correct estimate may ultimately be obtained of its value. To theorise as to the *modus operandi*, when the actuality of the operation is still *sub judice*, seems premature; but it may be stated, nevertheless, that, of the various solutions of the problem which have been offered, the one which appears the most reasonable is that given by HUFELAND, who says that the prophylactic efficacy of belladonna, is in virtue of its power of diminishing nervous susceptibility, without which one cannot receive the poison of the disease. If this explanation be correct, the keeping of persons under the obtunding dominion of other narcotics might probably be found equally, or to some extent, beneficial. Some support is given to this hypothesis by a statement incidentally made by MADDEN, in his *Travels in the East*, to the effect that, out of a large staff of persons employed in burying those who died of plague, and who were constantly under the intoxicating influence of ardent spirits, not one was seized. Did space permit me, I might adduce additional allegations in support of this view. Some suppose that the belladonna acts as a prophylactic, by eliminating the poison as soon as received into the body, by the kidneys. Certainly, the diuretic powers of the drug are undoubted; and the older writers, observing its strong action on the kidneys, flattered themselves that, by its means, they could so purify the blood as to cure cancer, and eradicate the cancerous diathesis. The results of the experience of fifteen observers is tabulated by BAYLE; and the following is a summary of the columns:—of 2,027 who took belladonna, 1,948 escaped scarlet fever, and 79 were attacked. In conclusion, I would say, that, in the present state of our knowledge, physicians ought to use belladonna in the hope, if not in the belief, that it really possesses the prophylactic power attributed to it; and, though by no means strongly impressed with the reality of this power, I am in the habit of strongly recommending its steady use in families exposed to the contagion of scarlet fever. Those who wish to understand the subject in all its bearings, are referred to the elaborate monograph which has suggested these remarks.—**INJURIES TO THE EYES OF SPORTSMEN FROM SHOT, &c.**—Mr. WHITE COOPER, Ophthalmic Surgeon to St. Mary's Hospital, contributes a practical paper on this subject to *The London Journal of Medicine*, for November. He treats, 1st, of Injuries from Shot; 2nd, of Injuries from Copper Caps; and, 3rd, of Injuries from Thorns. Speaking of injuries from shot, he remarks:—"The external effects produced upon the eyeball by a shot-pellet, are, according to my observation, three in number. If the shot be spent, it will bruise and not penetrate the eye, causing considerable ecchymosis externally, and, not unfrequently, paralysis of the retina. If the eye be struck obliquely by the round pellet, it will glance off, cutting a little furrow which marks its course; but, if the eye be struck point blank, or if the shot has been flattened or jagged by previous collision, the tunics will probably be penetrated, and the shot will lodge in the interior of the globe. The peculiarly tough structure of the sclerotic, offers great resistance to the progress of a shot; hence, it frequently glances off altogether, if the outer side of the eye be struck, or lodges in the orbit, if the inner side. Those cases in which a grain of shot pierces the eye (except when fired at a very short distance), appear to be most frequent when the lid is struck in the first instance; as, for example, by a shot glancing downwards from the branch of a tree. Much, however, will depend on the angle of incidence, and on the velocity, whether the sclerotic be penetrated or not. The following is an illustration of the first description of injury:—CASE. A man *et. 32*, was acting as marker to a party of sportsmen, and had ascended a tree to obtain a good view. A covey of partridges rose between him and the gentlemen, who were distant about one hundred yards, and, on their firing at the birds,

several shot struck about him, and one hit his left eye. The pain was, at the moment, acute, and the sight greatly impaired. He came under my notice two days afterwards, and I found considerable ecchymosis over two-thirds of the sclerotic, but no breach of surface. The frequent application of cold, and astringent collyria, speedily removed all traces of the blow, and the sight was gradually recovered." When a shot penetrates the eye, the consequences are much more formidable; and, when it lodges in the globe, the injury is extremely serious. "If the shot be seen in the anterior chamber, there can be no hesitation as to the propriety of extracting it, by an incision through the lower part of the cornea; but, if it be hidden in the globe, all unnecessary probing or poking is to be strongly deprecated; no possible advantage can result from stirring up the vitreous humour with a probe, in the hope of finding the shot, and such a proceeding cannot fail to deprive the patient of the faint chance of recovery he otherwise has. Under such circumstances, the room should be darkened, and the most absolute quiet enjoined; the head should be well elevated, and not allowed to move; the eye should be equally motionless, and the sound eye ought to be closed with a strip of plaster, to prevent the other opening from sympathy; rags dipped in cold water should be applied to it; the bowels should be freely opened, and depletion practised, according to the age and constitution of the patient." Mr. COOPER illustrates the three parts of his paper with instructive cases, on which he bases important rules of practice.—**DYSPEPSIA, &c., ASSOCIATED WITH PARASITIC PLANTS IN THE STOMACH.**—In 1842, Professor JOHN GOODSIR, of Edinburgh, showed by the microscope that, in some distressing cases of dyspepsia, a parasitic plant, to which he gave the name of *sarcina ventriculi*, was formed abundantly in the stomach. The *sarcina ventriculi* has since been observed, and described, by various British and foreign physicians. In a recent clinical lecture by Professor JENNER, he details a most remarkable case, in which the sufferer, after being for many years in a most deplorable condition, was restored to health and comfort; and, coincident with this, was a cessation of the parasitic growths. The *neutral sulphites*, Dr. JENNER relied on; and their employment in such cases, is a valuable addition to the therapeutic resources of the physician. Dr. JENNER found, that, where the sulphite of soda was omitted, the *sarcina* returned; but, as he remarks, it is "not more disagreeable to the palate than carbonate of soda, and is less injurious, and many take the latter daily." The clinical lecture, in which the whole subject is very fully and ably discussed, appeared in *The Medical Times* for the 23rd August, and a good abridgment of it is given in *The London Journal of Medicine* for November.—**IRISH MEDICAL CHARITIES.**—During last session of Parliament, an important measure was passed, by which these institutions have been put on a better footing, and placed under the efficient control of a special board. Along with the unpaid commissioners one paid medical commissioner has a seat; and to that important post has been appointed Dr. MACDONNELL, Professor of Descriptive Anatomy in the College of Surgeons of Ireland, and one of the surgeons to the Richmond Hospital, Dublin. Two inspectors still remain to be nominated under the new act. *The Dublin Medical Press* says:—"We think we could with safety point out two upon whom the choice will probably fall; one a surgeon of standing in this city, who has heretofore been engaged in similar duty, and who has given ample proofs of practical acquaintance with the subject; the other an equally eligible provincial practitioner."—**LAW OF EVIDENCE ACT.**—By the new law, diplomas are to be admissible in courts of justice, without proof of the seal, a reform which will bring with it a great saving to medical men, of annoyance and expense.—**NEW REGULATIONS FOR NAVAL ASSISTANT SURGEONS.**—The Director-General has issued important orders, by which naval assistant surgeons have certain forms laid down for their guidance, under which they are regularly to report, not only on the sanatory condition of those entrusted to their care, but also on a variety of meteorological and other scientific matters, bearing more or less directly on hygienics. Unfortunately, the assistant-surgeons are huddled up with the midshipmen—generally a set of noisy, tricky boys—so that they cannot perform these new duties so well as their importance demands.—**HOMEOPATHIC BOOKS AND MEDICAL PUBLISHERS.**—Messrs. HIGLEY and SOX, medical

publishers, Fleet-street, have declined the further publication of homeopathic works, in consequence of the repudiation of homeopathy by the profession. The Messrs. HIGHLEY are booksellers to the Royal College of Surgeons of England.—PRIZES TO EPILEPTICS AND IDIOTS.—There is much doing by zealous and enlightened physicians on the Continent, as well as in this country, towards the elevation in the social scale of those mentally afflicted. Prizes are now awarded by Dr. MITIVÉ to the female idiots of the Salpêtrière of Paris, for advances made by them in cleanliness, industry, dancing, &c. Upon a recent occasion, when these rewards were distributed, the Director-in-Chief of the Public Charities was present. In the blessed revolution now so happily being accomplished, in the treatment of the insane, let us remember with gratulation and gladness that the foremost of the reformers—the great leader in this good cause—is our own CONOLLY, a name destined to be for ever honourable, not only in the history of Medicine, but in the annals of Christian Philanthropy. Let the writings and exertions of HILL, HASLAM, and others be also gratefully remembered.

CELSUS.

## MUSIC.

### NEW MUSIC.

*The Syren's Invitation*, music by ALEXANDER LEE, words by Miss ROSA RAIN.—A lively and graceful composition, in which, however, there is to be detected a slight resemblance to C. KELLER's "Down, down a Thousand Fathom deep." The words do not seem very enticing, and probably the "good knight" mentioned in it was no less insensible to their merit than ourselves, as, if we may judge by the syren's constant repetition of her entreaties, she had some difficulty in gaining his ear. Mr. LEE's music, however, covers a multitude of such trifling defects, and as, among its other merits, *The Syren's Invitation* is calculated to show off a good voice, we recommend it with tolerable confidence to our musical friends.

In vain do we seek a redeeming point in *The Star of Love*, by S. NELSON: it is utterly commonplace. We know, however, that Mr. NELSON can do better, and therefore the more earnestly recommend him to take heed lest he lose the good name which certainly was within his grasp.

A pretty coquettish little song is *A Young Lady's No*, by the Author of "Will you Love me Then as Now," which, when sung with proper naïveté of expression, will secure listeners, and doubtless create some sensation in the drawing-room; yet who will not at once recognise its one fault, the similarity it bears through the first nine bars of each verse to the universally familiar "We've Lived and Loved together."

Mr. GLOVER has fallen very far short of himself in his ballad *I met Her in the Crystal Halls*. A very trumpery piece of music covered with a very pretty title-page; it may, however, pass in the halo of popularity which surrounds every thing associated with the Crystal Palace.

*The Beautiful Maid in the Bloomer Costume*, the author of which wisely preserves his obscurity, is of the "no song no supper" kind, and as long as the Bloomer mania lasts will be found admirably suited to gentlemen who have very little voice and know very little of music.

Of the same kind, though many degrees better, is J. H. HOBBS's song entitled *In honour of his Name*, there is much good feeling in the words written by CHARLES MACKAY, Esq.

*Fd be a Bloomer*. Written by ERNEST H. REED, composed by JAMES PERRING. London: Purday, St. Paul's Churchyard.

WHATEVER may be the imperfections or inconveniences attaching to the Bloomer costume, there certainly are some excellences connected with the subject. The ballad before us is a consequence of the excitement occasioned by the proposed innovation on the fashion of years, and carries with it a freshness and vivacity too often looked for and too seldom found in the catch-penny publications of the present day. The words are well written; the melody is playful and catching, and the illustration that illuminates the title page is unexceptionable.

*Music, Sweet Music*. Words by CARPENTER; Music by J. P. KNIGHT. London: Brewer & Co., Bishopsgate-street Within.

This ballad is especially adapted for the amusement and instruction of families and schools. The words are pleasingly written and speak of the social influence of song. Mr. KNIGHT has adapted them to a flowing melody well calculated to secure for the composition a handsome circulation.

## Musical and Dramatic Chit Chat.

A NEW play by Mr. Jerrold, and one by Mr. Marston, are in the hands of Mr. Kean, for early representation. —Mr. Charles Horsley has made considerable progress in a new Oratorio, on the story of "Joseph." —The Society of British Musicians, nothing daunted by the failure of eighteen seasons totally unproductive of British music, is about to recommence its chamber concerts at the rooms of Mr. Erat, in Berners-street, early in November. —Another new opera, by Mr. E. Fitzwilliam, is announced as being in preparation for the next Haymarket season. Mr. Webster's first opera, however, we believe, will be Mr. Macfarren's "Charles II." In this most of the parts will be sustained by their original representatives.

The French government has given another proof of the interest it takes in, and the protection it extends to dramatic literature, by promising to give 16,000 francs, or 640*l.* annually to the best plays in prose or verse which may be produced in the course of the year.

The opera composed by M. Duprez, which was to have been produced in London during the past season, is now in rehearsal at Brussels, where Mlle. Caroline Duprez is at present singing. —Signor Schira is said to have been nominated Mr. Bunn's musical director for the coming season at Drury Lane. Rumour mentions operas by Mr. Balfe and by Mr. Benedict as works which probably may be performed.

## ART JOURNAL.

*A Treatise on Chancel Screens and Rood Lofts; their Antiquity, Use, and Symbolic Signification.* By A. WELBY PUGIN, Architect. Illustrated with Figures copied on stone, from Drawings by the Author. London: Dolman. 1851.

THIS is less an architectural than a theological work; its object being to maintain the indispensableness of screens to the due performance of Roman Catholic worship, a matter concerning which it appears that some difference of opinion at present exists among religionists of that denomination. The propositions which Mr. PUGIN undertakes to defend are as follows:

1st. That open screens and enclosures of choirs and chancels, have existed from the earliest known period of Christian churches down to the present century; that they form an essential part of Catholic tradition and reverence; and that no church intended for Catholic worship can be complete without them. 2nd. That their introduction belongs to no particular period or style; and that their partial disuse was not consequent on the decline of pointed architecture, but to the decay of reverence for the sacred mysteries themselves, as I have found screens of all styles and dates. 3rd. That closed screens are only now suited to conventual and collegiate churches in this country, the cathedrals being required for the worship of the people, from whom the view of the altar has never been purposely concealed. 4th. That those who oppose the revival and continuance of open screens, are not only enemies of Catholic traditions and practices, but the grounds of their objection militate as strongly against every symbolic form and arrangement in ecclesiastical architecture, and therefore, till they retract their opposition, they are practically insulting the traditions of the church, impeding the restoration of reverence and solemnity, and injuring the progress of religion: (pp. 12, 13.)

To Mr. PUGIN these matters are architecturally important, because he holds that, without reviving the faith and feelings of the middle ages, it is impossible effectively to revive their art. His doctrine is, that the very types and forms of mediæval architecture are symbolic, and intimately connected with the religion under whose auspices they were developed. And, accordingly, he goes the length of saying, "If any man says he loves pointed architecture, and hates screens, I do not hesitate to denounce him as a liar, for one is inseparable from the other, and more, inseparable from Catholic arrangement in any style, Byzantine, Norman, Painted or Debased." (p. 3.)

That screens and screenwork have always, or at least from very early times, formed a part of "Catholic arrangement," we see no reason to question. But then they are also applicable to many other purposes besides that of dividing the holy of holies from the body of the church; and they may be fitly used even in secular buildings, whether in the painted or any other style. Mr. PUGIN says, truly enough:—"It is a natural principle to inclose any portion of a building or space which is set apart from public use and access" (p. 9); and, if this be so, we see no reason why the beautiful examples of screens which the mediæval builders have left us, should not have

an interest for lovers of pointed architecture, wholly apart from any question of Catholic arrangement, or the particular purposes to which we may, for the most part, find them applied. We must protest against this attribution of every graceful form or skilful application of material which the genius of the mediæval builders has left us, to the mere exigencies of symbolism and ceremonial. The great architects of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries built castles and town-halls with as much success as they built cathedrals, and their secular works are not less edifying than their ecclesiastical, as examples of beautiful and artistic adaptation of means to ends. If we study them in this point of view, we need not embarrass ourselves with the religious opinions of the middle ages any more than with their system of physical science; and a belief in transubstantiation will be no more necessary for a due appreciation of screens, than an acceptance of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy. Mr. PUGIN himself, lays down a very sound rule in connexion with this subject, at the close of his book. He says:

I most earnestly conjure all those men who profess to revive true architecture, to look to the wants and circumstances of the time, not to sacrifice principles, but to prove that the real principles can combine with any legitimate requirement of religion. Let the bishops and clergy practically perceive that Christian architecture fulfils perfectly all their wants; let there be light, space, ventilation, good access, with the absence of draughts, which destroy devotion, and excite prejudice against pointed doorways. Avoid useless and busy detail, and rely on good proportions and solemnity of effect. Above all, we must remember that every old thing is not an object of imitation—everything new is not to be rejected: (p. 123.)

This is excellent advice; and, should it be generally followed by our architects, we may hope for buildings more appropriate and impressive than many that have been recently erected.

Closely connected with the screen-arrangement in our ancient churches, was the rood-loft, called by the French *jube*, a transverse beam spanning, in most cases, the chancel arch. In the primitive church, it seems, it was the custom to sing the Epistle and Gospel from two stone pulpits placed at the lower end of the choir, from whence they could be conveniently heard by the people; these were termed "amboes." The rood-loft or *jube*, was substituted for the ambo, and used for a similar purpose. It was ascended by two staircases, either in circular turrets, or carried up in the thickness of the wall, which was generally the case in England. The fronts of the old rood-lofts were frequently most richly decorated with paintings or sculptures of sacred history, divided into panels or niches, surmounted by a rich "bratishing," or parapet, of open traces and foliage. The cross or rood surmounted the whole, and gave a name to the arrangement. These roods, with their appurtenances, were among the most devoted objects of reforming destructiveness, and have been, in this country, without exception, removed; and the screens have too often shared the same fate. The rood-loft destroyers are dignified by the name of "ambonoclasts," and Mr. PUGIN describes four species of them—the Calvinist, the Pagan, the Revolutionary and the Modern. From the first of these sketches, a picturesque description of London in the olden time, is worth quoting:

When we now behold the city of London, with its narrow lanes lined with lofty warehouses and gloomy stores, leading down to the banks of the muddy Thames, whose waters are blackened with foul discharges from gas-works and soap-boilers, while the air is darkened with the dense smoke of chimneys rising high above the parish steeples, which mark the site of some ancient church, destroyed in the great conflagration, it is difficult to realize the existence of those venerable and beautiful fabrics where the citizens of London assembled in daily worship, and whose rood-lofts shone so gloriously on Easter and Christmas feasts. But this great and ancient city was inferior to none in noble religious buildings; and, in the sixteenth century, the traveller who approached London from the west, by the way called Oldbourne, and arriving at the brow of the steep hill, must have had a most splendid prospect before him:—To the right, the parish church of St. Andrew's, rising most picturesquely from the steep declivity, and surrounded by elms, with its massive tower, decorated nave, and still later chancel; on the left, the extensive building of Ely House, its great gateway, embattled walls, lofty chapel and refectories, and numerous other lodgings and offices surrounded by pleasant gardens. As then unalienated from the ancient see after



which it was called, it presented a most venerable ecclesiastical appearance. Further in the same direction, might be perceived the gilded spire of St. John's Church of Jerusalem, and the Norman towers of St. Bartholomew's Priory. Immediately below was the Fleet river, with its bridge, and the masts of the various craft moored along the quays. At the summit of the opposite hill, the lofty tower of St. Sepulchre, which, though greatly deteriorated in beauty, still remains. In the same line, and on the embattled parapets of Newgate, the noble church of the Grey Friars, inferior in extent only to the cathedral of St. Paul, whose gigantic spire, the highest in the world, rose majestically from the centre of a cruciform church, nearly seven hundred feet in length, and whose grand line of high roof and pinnacled buttresses stood high above the group of gable-houses, and even the towers of the neighbouring churches. If we terminate the panorama with the arched lantern of Saint-Mary-le-Bow, the old tower of St. Michael, Cornhill, and a great number of lesser steeples, we shall have a faint idea of the ecclesiastical beauty of Catholic London: (pp. 76, 77.)

How the first blow was struck which led to the defacement of this picture, the reader will find in the story of the Calvinist AMBRUODAST. Time has now changed the scene beyond the power of acts of Parliament or Commissioners for Public Improvements to restore.

The Pagan, AMBRUODAST, is a flippant young French abbé of the eighteenth century, whose *improvements* in the architecture of the church over which he presides, are no less fatal to the elegant gothic screen-work which adorned it, than the axe of the rabid Calvinist might have been. The destroyer of the Revolution came next and finished the work which the Italianised taste of the ecclesiastics of the previous century had begun. The destruction which has arisen from all three sources together is beyond all calculation. Finally, the modern Ambruodasts are those religionists of Mr. PUGIN's own faith, against whom the present work is more particularly directed, who adhere to the meretricious style of ornament, which usually offends the eye in Continental churches of the present day, and which forms the staple in most of the Roman Catholic places of worship in our metropolis.

Of these persons the principal characteristics are "great irritability at vertical lines, or transverse beams and crosses; a perpetual habit of abusing the finest works of Catholic antiquity and art, and exulting in the admiration of everything debased, and modern, and trumpery; an inordinate propensity for candles and candlesticks which they arrange in every possible variety; they require great excitement in the way of lively, jocular and amatory tunes at divine service, and exhibit painful distress at the sound of solemn chanting or plain song; at divine worship they require to sit facing the altar, and near the pulpit, and then if the edifice be somewhat like a fish-market, with a hot-water pipe at their feet, a gas-pipe in the vicinity, and a stove in the rear, they can realise a somewhat Italian atmosphere in cold and cheerless England, and revive some sparks of that devotion that the gloomy vaulting of Westminster and the odious pillars of a new rood screen had well nigh deprived them of: (pp. 98, 99.)

The reader will form some idea from this description of the difficulties which our returning architect has to deal with, in places where it might have been supposed that his doctrines would have met with the most cordial reception:

As the inclosure of the sanctuary can be traced from the erection of the earliest Christian churches, and as they are inseparably connected with reverence and solemnity, we might have hoped, and indeed expected that the restoration would have been hailed by all who profess the ancient religion as an evidence of returning faith. But, alas, we have a class of men to oppose the revival of ancient symbolism, on whom the examples of fifteen centuries of Catholic antiquity fail to produce the slightest recognition of respect. The past is to them a nullity, and they would fain have us believe that the present debased externals of religion are to be equally received and propagated as those which are generated during the finest ages of Christian art. Now knowing the whole history of this debasement in religious art, its origin and progress and the general decline of Catholic faith and Catholic principles, corresponding to its increasing influence, it is impossible for us to regard its very existence otherwise than an intolerable evil, and we must labour incessantly for its utter expulsion from our churches. The decline of the Christian art and architecture may be dated from a most corrupt era in the history of the church: and ever since that the most unnatural adoption of Pagan externals for Catholic rites, we mourn the loss of those reverend and solemn structures which so perfectly embodied the faith for

which they were raised. Bad as was the Paganism of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it was dressed out in much external majesty and richness; but now nothing is left but the fag end of this system; bronze and marble are replaced by calico and trimmings; the works of the sculptor and the goldsmith are succeeded by the milliner and the toyshop; and the rottenness of the Pagan movement is thinly concealed by gilt paper and ribands—the nineteenth century apeings of the Medicean era. Cheap magnificence, meretricious show, is the order of the day: something pretty, something novel, calico hangings, sparkling lustres, paper plots, wax dolls, flounces and furbelows, glass cases, ribands and lace, are the ornaments and materials usually employed to decorate, or rather disfigure, the altar of sacrifice and the holy place. It is impossible for church furniture and decoration to attain a lower depth of degradation, and it is one of the great impediments to the revival of Catholic truth: (p. 100, 101.)

That these things should be so is neither surprising nor unintelligible, but the conclusions we draw are very different from those of Mr. PUGIN. The art of the middle ages was great and glorious, because it resulted from the effort of the strongest minds of the time to illustrate and embody doctrines which they sincerely and unhesitatingly believed. Their faith and knowledge have become foolishness to the present age, not indeed that we may not find individuals, nay whole classes of persons, who are no wiser and wish to be no wiser than their ancestors four centuries ago, but these do not represent the mind of the time; the mass of intellect, the active energy of the nineteenth century, is moving and working in quite a different atmosphere, and among them alone who breathe this free and ennobling air can qualities be found analogous to those of the master-minds of the middle ages. The love of truth, the love of freedom, the love of the beautiful are closely connected; no wonder therefore that among avowed obscurantists and the propagandists of exploded superstition the most debased taste should be found. This debasement is the very result of the attempt to keep alive and propagate doctrines which the healthy and cultivated intellect of the day rejects; a very small and unimportant portion of the whole community can be affected by these efforts. It is but an abnormal excrescence upon the cultivation of the age. The qualities which Mr. PUGIN admires in the mediæval artists, and which engage his sympathies, may be found among the men of the present day, but not directed to the same objects, and not where he perhaps would look for them. We look for a renewal of the glories of ancient art in the frank and bold development of the great ideas of our own century, of those which truly interest and employ the strongest minds among us; devoted to the embodiment of that which is indeed the faith of the age, architecture may rise again and proceed to unthought-of triumphs. It is good then to study the screen-work of the church-builders of the fifteenth century, because we see how, having an end to attain, they accomplished it in the most appropriate and beautiful manner; but let us not conclude that we can do nothing unless we have before us precisely the same ends and objects as they. We have been recently passing an apprenticeship in mediæval art, during which it has been indispensable to stick closely to models, and to be content with servile imitation of ancient detail; this course was the only one possible in order to wean the eye from the hybrid and debased forms of pseudo-classic style, and to enable the architectural student to acquire that profound familiarity with gothic type which is requisite for the free and independent application of its principles. This end attained, a broader career opens worthy of the architect's highest strivings, but in which nothing great, national or lasting can be effected without the frank abjuration of all exploded formula and creeds become impossible.

Mr. PUGIN's work contains descriptions and short notices of a variety of screens in Italy and Spain, Germany and Flanders, France, Brittany and England. Many of these are now destroyed. A drawing of a marble screen in the church of the Frari, Venice, illustrates the old arrangement of the ambores, having a pulpit at each corner. The detached altar of St. Michele, Florence, with its brass screen-work, in plate IV., is a very beautiful specimen of the Italian pointed style, and in a most perfect state. Stone engraving, however, fails to give that sharpness and clearness of detail which is desirable for the representation of gothic tracery. The town of Lubeck, in North Germany, although Lutheranism has

retained the magnificent screens of several of its churches entirely unimpaired. The treasures of this ancient town appear to be not so well known as they deserve. "I consider," says Mr. PUGIN, "the churches of Lubeck to be the most interesting, as regards fittings and details, of any ecclesiastical buildings remaining in Europe. There are examples of metal work, early painting, and wood-carving of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, and the finest monumental brass in the world, most probably by the same artist as produced the famous one at St. Albans, but much larger and more elaborate." Of four of these screens drawings are given which fully justify the above encomiums. Munster, Hildesheim, Geluhausen, Marburg and Oberwesel furnish other specimens of German work. Four or five examples of eighteenth century screens, from French churches, contrast miserably enough with the rich ancient work of the churches of Folgoet and Lambadu in Brittany. These beautiful specimens seem excellently preserved. The church of St. Fiacre, Mr. PUGIN mentions, is situated in a remote locality and almost deserted. A few years ago the screen was on the point of being sold, had not a neighbouring innkeeper, who derived no small profit from the lovers of antiquity which this venerable relic of art brought to his house, so resolutely opposed its removal that it was at length suffered to remain.

Of English screens Mr. PUGIN gives no drawings, not, however, from lack of material, for as he observes, there is no country in Christendom where so many screens are still preserved and standing as in England. The counties most abounding in screens are Norfolk, Suffolk, Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire and Devonshire. The churches in Wales were mostly furnished with rood lofts, and Mr. PUGIN remarks it as a curious fact that there is a striking resemblance between the screens of Wales and Brittany. Although in the reign of EDWARD VI., the roods with their attendant images were removed, the screens do not generally appear to have suffered.

Considering the great number of screens yet standing, it is evident that those which have been removed were demolished through the ignorance or indifference of the authorities during the repairs that the buildings have undergone. \* \* \* There are several examples of past reformation screens, one at Gedington church, of a simple but good character, and another at Martham church, Norfolk, which is painted and gilt: (p. 69.)

Many of the college chapels at Oxford and Cambridge afford examples of screens of very late periods. In these cases their use and convenience is obvious and has naturally led to their retention. The general spirit of conservation and restoration which is abroad, renders it impossible that any now existing screens will hereafter be suffered to be destroyed, but we hold it very unlikely that they will be reintroduced as indispensable arrangements into Protestant places of worship, and we conceive that Mr. PUGIN's views are little likely to find acceptance among the laity of any persuasion. We should be glad to see the subject of screens treated from a more purely artistic point of view. In all cases where it is required to hedge off a part of a hall or building for special or private purposes, ornamental screen-work may appropriately be used, and the ancient builders have left us models of every variety of simplicity and richness. A good collection of examples from continental as well as English churches, arranged in order of date, would be of great service, and no person is more capable of efficiently illustrating the subject than Mr. PUGIN.

#### The Museum of Classical Antiquities. Nos. I. to III.

MANY of our readers, fond of art and of antiquities, are probably not aware that there is a quarterly journal which has for its express object the collection and diffusion of information relative to "Architecture and the Sister Branches of Classic Art." We had not even heard of its existence until the three first numbers were placed upon our table. But a brief glance at their contents sufficed to satisfy us of their value. The contributors are manifestly persons of profound learning, as well as of great taste, and the editor displays very sound judgment in the selection of subjects, so as to please a variety of readers. Among the articles which have most delighted us are the opening one "On the Advantage of the Study of Antiquity, and on Excellence in Art," which, we presume, is from the pen of the Editor; Mr. GILSON's (the sculptor) essay on "The Sculptures of the Ionic Monument at Xanthus, discovered by Sir C. Fellows;" Mr. C. NEWTON's remarks on "The Collections of Ancient Art in the Museums of Italy, the

Glyptothete at Munich, and the British Museum;" and Mr. SEMPER's essay on "The Study of Polychromy, and its revival." We should add that every number of this very valuable quarterly contribution to art is abundantly illustrated with woodcuts and lithographs, plain and coloured, of the objects described, so that it is a work for the drawing-room table, and, in volumes, will be for permanent preservation rather as a book than as a journal.

The *Art Journal* for November, having completed its wondrous illustrated catalogue of the Exhibition, endeavours to preserve its unusual attractions by increased beauty. Here we have engravings of STANFIELD's "Battle of Trafalgar," and LINNELL's "Wood Cutting," from the Vernon Gallery, SWANTHALER's "Statue of Bavaria," and a multitude of exquisite woodcuts, illustrating articles on the Works of OSWALD, on the Costures of Various Epochs, just now peculiarly amusing, Examples of German Art, and Mrs. S. C. HALL's delightful "Pilgrimages to English Shrines."

### Talk of the Studios.

THE statue of the late Lord George Bentinck has been placed upon the pedestal in Cavendish-square.—Mr. William Boxall, Mr. Edward William Cooke, Mr. Frank Stone, and Mr. Henry Weeks, have been elected Associates of the Royal Academy of Arts.—The monument in memory of the late Duchess-Countess of Sutherland, erected by tenantry and others connected with the county, at a cost of about 700*l.*, has just been completed.—The Liverpool Academy of the Fine Arts has awarded its prize of 50*l.* to Mr. W. Holman Hunt for his picture of "Valentine rescuing Sylvia from Proteus, and reproaching him for his falsity,"—taken from Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona."—The *Times* has published a suggestion for a new site for the National Gallery by removing the Knightsbridge barracks, as well as all the houses which abut on the Park from the barracks to Albert-gate.—Crawford the sculptor, whom the American Government has now engaged at Rome on a colossal group of equestrian statues, is claimed by an Irish journal as a native of Ballyshannon. His family still resides in that town, but his mother emigrated to America with the future sculptor when he was only three years old. Thus, among the eminent contemporary sculptors, Ireland claims as her own, McDowell, Foley, Hogan, Carew, Lawler, and Moore.—A Roman mosaic pavement of great beauty has been brought to light at Aumale, one of the French colonies of Algeria. Although much injured in parts—having been discovered in a yard surrounded by stables and constantly trodden by horses,—there still remains an extent of about seventeen feet by six in a good state of preservation.—The marble statue of Flaxman by the late Mr. M. L. Watson has been presented to University College by the Committee for superintending its execution and erection. The subscription list includes the names of many persons distinguished in Literature and in Art, and by birth and rank,—but the amount subscribed is under 400*l.*—and is therefore insufficient to cover the ordinary expenses.

The statue of William the Conqueror has been inaugurated with great ceremonial in his native town of Falaise.—M. Ingres, one of the most celebrated chiefs of the modern French School of Painting, has determined to bring out in the book form, and with descriptive letter-press, engravings of the complete collection of all his productions, from the commencement of his career down to the present time. Simple designs and rough sketches are to be given, as well as great and laboured paintings.—The Austrian sculpture is likely to be dispersed far and wide. In addition to the various sales and removals, the much-admired statue, "Trust in God," by Signor Gandolfi, has been purchased by Mr. Butler, of Upper Clapton, Hackney. It must be gratifying to our Austrian friends to find that their works are so highly appreciated in this country.—The French local journals have lately been recommending the erection of a statue to Madame de Sévigné; and M. Janin has just contributed one of his most flowery *feuilletons* in the *Journal des Débats* to the cause.—The committee for the erection of a monument at Genoa to the memory of Christopher Columbus has issued a notice, informing the public that the events of the last three years have caused a considerable diminution in the subscription for that national work, and that about 100,000 francs more will be required to complete it.—The Gallery of Apollo at the Louvre, so called from the centre subject of the ceiling, which represents Apollo slaying the serpent Python, has been recently thrown open to the Parisian public, after a complete restoration.—A valuable addition has just been made to our scanty knowledge of Vandyck. His marriage to Mary Ruthven it now appears took place only the year before he died.—Colonel Stepany Cowell, in his Gowrie researches, having discovered

that in 1640 Patrick Ruthven assigned 120*l.* per annum to his daughter Mary, preparatory to her marriage with Sir Anthony. The great artist died in 1641, on the very day on which the only offspring of their marriage was baptised. Another fact from the Gowrie papers relates to Vandyck's works. Patrick Ruthven appealed in 1644—apparently ineffectually—to the House of Lords to prevent his granddaughter from being defrauded of her father's collection of pictures; they, it is stated, being fraudulently sent out of England by one Richard Andrews.

### DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

SINCE my last, Miss LAURA KEENE has appeared in *As You Like it*, and *The Merchant of Venice*. She is successful in both, though she was suffering from indisposition during her first appearance in *Portia*. *Rosalind* and *Portia* are both marked by that graceful, unobtrusive intelligence which has always been evinced in Miss KEENE's acting. Of Mr. HENRY FARRER'S *Shylock*, I must do him the justice to say that it is not one-half so bad as I anticipated; it bears the marks of careful study and intelligence, and though there is no great amount of originality about the performance, he follows correctly the traditions of the by-gone great, and brings out most of the best points effectively. The part is decidedly above his capability, but he deserves a modicum of praise for coming so much nearer the mark than one would have given him credit for. A piece, curious as combining child-like innocence of plot, with childish simplicity of dialogue, followed this play. A bold defiance of nature and probability is too general in modern farce to excite surprise, but in the construction of the *Original Bloomers*, anything approaching to art is also carefully avoided, perhaps the lauded *Ars celare artem* has been carried out a little too far, to what authors call a varnishing point. The story, therefore, if there be any, is at present involved in obscurity, the general impression left on the mind upon the descent of the curtain, being—next to gratitude—that two young ladies having thrown off that badge of woman's bondage—the petticoat, wisely repented and put it on again. There was also an American gentleman with a character very strongly marked by a broad-brimmed straw hat, and a voice apparently pumped up from a long way off, according to the statute in such case made and provided; who moreover persisted in smoking a cigar in a lady's drawing-room without permission, with his hat on, lolling with his feet on the sofa cushions, on the table, or out of the window, all of which agreeable peculiarities, with other pleasant eccentricities, are, as is well-known, inseparable from the American gentleman. A great deal was said, in the course of which, were a few injudicious revivals, the brilliancy of which, even when new, was questionable, and a great deal of ingenuity was displayed in the elaborate circumlocution, by which the apparently inoffensive word "trousers" was avoided. It is but justice to add that the piece was nevertheless received so far from unfavourably, as to embolden the two principal performers to make a free-will offering of themselves before the curtain. A proceeding which, if not altogether uncalculated, appeared very unnecessary.

*A Squib for the Fifth of November* is the last novelty at the STRAND, like most of the productions, of this amusing little Theatre, it is marked with considerable wit and smartness. *Thetis* and *Peleus* continues to keep the audience in a continual roar. The uncertainty of a first night has been overcome, and the puns and allusions flow in an uninterrupted stream.

I am happy to hear that Mr. WRIGHT has so far recovered his health and voice, as to be able to act at Birmingham, where he is in great request.

THE HAYMARKET will open on Monday next with MACFARREN'S opera of *Charles the Second*.

*Timon of Athens*, has appeared again in the bills of SADLER'S WELLS. The admirable acting of Mr. PHELPS, and the perfect manner in which it is put on the stage, will always ensure it a hearty audience.

There is a probability of the KEELYS taking the ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, as their connexion with the PRINCESS'S has terminated.

### LORNETTE.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The professors of this well-known establishment are now engaged in delivering a series of lectures on subjects of interest and intelligence, more particularly of those Metals chiefly serviceable in the manufactures of Great Britain. Doctor BACHOFFNER has chosen for his subject the beautiful art of electro-plating, and during his discourse, exhibits numerous experiments, highly interesting and useful, which, with the popular style of the learned Doctor, renders his lectures so admirably adapted for the various classes who visit this popular institution. The lectures by the chemical Professor, Mr. PEPPER, was on the subject of Iron, Steel, &c., illustrated with many brilliant experiments. The late improvement in the Daguerrotype department of this institution, are well worth inspecting, more particularly since the great improvement discovered by Mr. R. BEARD in the colouring process, which now resembles fine enamels, both in effect and durability, as they will stand the effect of the atmosphere without the aid of glass covering.

### PROGRESS OF SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

Mr. J. E. Tischmacher, in his examination of the grain gold found in California, has detected a notable proportion of another metal, *Platinum*, which is likely to become an additional object of search in that metalliferous country. In an ounce of the finest gold in grains, he discovered about fifty grains, which on further examination, turned out to be *Platinum*, a metal of very considerable importance in the arts. He states, that this proportion is nearly as large as that obtained from the gold procured from the South American mines. In experimenting on two minerals from the Zirkon Syenite of Norway, he has observed a body which, in its simple state, as also in its combinations with other bodies, he found to differ from all known simple bodies. The name DONARIUM has been given to it, from the Teutonic god, Donar. The first notice of this mineral was in a publication by Dr. Krantz of Bonn, who therein described it under the name of Orangite, from its remarkably characteristic colour. In a late number of THE CRITIC (vide page 490) I referred to the conclusions drawn by Dr. T. Williams from his researches on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Lamellibranchiate Mollusca, and in connection with this subject, he states that the boring of the Pholades can only be explained on the principle which involves both a chemical and mechanical action; but Mr. J. Robertson, who has also studied the habits of these animals, states, that they bore their holes by grating the chalk with their rasp-like valves, and when it is well pulverized by their feet, forcing it through their principal or branchial syphon, and squirting it out in oblong nodules. In the foot of these animals there is a gelatinous spring or style, possessing great elasticity, and which appears to be the chief agent in the motions of these little animals.

M. Barraude, a French naturalist, has collected about 1,100 species of Trilobites in Bohemia. With an unusual degree of ardour and perseverance, assisted by ten or twelve intelligent workmen, he has been employed for ten years in this scientific pursuit, the result of which is, a harvest of fossil genera and species, consisting, for the most part, of the Crustacea (chiefly Trilobites) and Cephalopoda, and with these there were also some Gasteropoda and Pteropoda, Acephala, Brachiopoda and Corals. M. Agassiz has lately made an interesting communication at one of the meetings held at New Haven in America, for the promotion of Science, "On the care which some Fishes take of their Young." After referring to the general disbelief with which stories of fishes taking care of their young have been received, he stated that recently, while engaged in collecting insects along the shores of Lake Leboy, in Maine, he was led to observe the actions of a couple of cat-fish, which at his approach left the shore suddenly and returned to the deeper water. This movement being several times repeated, he was led to a closer observation. The peculiar black appearance of the place which the fishes had left, first attracted his particular attention. Examining more closely, a nest was discovered, in which were moving a number of little tadpoles, these were at first taken for the tadpoles of frogs, and to test the attachment of the old fishes to the spot, Professor Agassiz took some pains to experiment upon them. Pausing for a few moments, the two fishes returned closely and cautiously looking anxiously towards the nest, to see if it had been disturbed. They approached to within six or eight feet of where he stood. They were evidently not in want of food, and he became convinced that they were seeking the protection of their young. Large stones thrown repeatedly into the middle of the nest, after these fishes had returned to it, only served to frighten them away for a brief period, they invariably returned to the spot within ten or fifteen minutes afterwards. He observed this four or five times in succession, and each time with the same result. The nest of these fishes was surrounded and protected by the aquatic plants growing in the lake.

The Rev. Thomas Hincks has published a valuable paper as "Notes on the British Zoophytes," with descriptions of some new species, accompanied by a series of well-executed plates. Mr. William Mitten is publishing "A List of the Mosses and Hepaticæ," at present observed in the county of Sussex.

MINERALOGY.—Three new American Meteorites.—a. This one fell about twenty miles east of Columbia, and had been seen to fall during a violent thunder storm. The negro servant who witnessed its descent, ran off immediately to the spot; and after digging to the depth of eighteen inches, picked it up and brought it to the owner of the estate, saying, that it was a "lump of solid thunder." It differs from all meteoric stones hitherto observed, in figure as well as in composition. It is nearly round, and almost perfectly smooth, having only very slight elevations and depressions over its surface. Its diameter is two-and-a-half inches, and its weight six-and-a-half ounces. It is probable that the compound of which this stone is principally composed, constitutes a mineral species hitherto unknown.

b. This stone fell on the 31st of October, about eighteen or twenty miles from Concord, in North Carolina. Its weight is eighteen-and-a-half pounds, and in shape looks like a human foot encased in an indian-rubber overshoe. Its ground colour is of dark bluish grey, stained with fine rust points. Though



rich in nickeliferous iron and pyrites, these ingredients can scarcely be discovered upon a fractured surface, owing to the fineness into which they are interspersed. As might be supposed, it is strongly magnetic.

c. This is a highly interesting iron mass, now in the possession of Dr. Thomas Wells, formerly of Columbia, South Carolina, who is unacquainted with the particulars of its discovery. It appears, however, to have been, until very recently, lying in a neglected state, near the house of a farmer, in the vicinity of the spot where it was first found. Its figure is irregular and ovoidal, being truncate at both extremities. It weighs 117 pounds. The present is the second well-authenticated discovery of meteoric iron within the state of South Carolina; and both masses have been brought to light within the space of a single year.

**METEORIC PHENOMENA.**—An additional interest attaches to the second of these meteoric stones (marked b.) inasmuch as its fall was succeeded by other meteoric displays, in the same region, of a very striking character. A very brilliant meteor was seen at Tampa, Florida, by Lieut. Meade, in the evening of 31st October, and Col. Sumner, of Lexington, South Carolina, relates that on the 1st of November, early in the morning, explosions resembling distant artillery were heard by various persons, which were mistaken for blasting explosions. These continued until the afternoon, when these "fire-winged messengers of the stars" became visible to the naked eye. One exploded about two miles northeast from his residence, with a stunning noise which shook the surrounding hills, and in its downward transit emitted a clear phosphorescent light, leaving a distinct line illuminated in its course. Another, five miles northward, was observed winging its course in the same direction, at quite a leisure rate, horizontally with the earth, and being spent exploded with noise and smoke. It appeared to be a revolving ball of white flame. At four, p.m., he was walking in a field at Pomaria, when a startling explosion took place, apparently three hundred yards or thereabouts distant from him. The sound was fuller than the loudest report of artillery would be at that distance, and sensibly shook the earth. At night there was a beautiful display of those "fiery tears from the skies" commonly denominated shooting stars. The sky was perfectly clear during the entire day, and a brilliant blue was observable, even to the horizon. The sunset was most brilliant crimson, and about ten, p.m., the flash of the northern lights was plainly visible. On this subject, Professor Shephard remarks, "If we adopt the views of Humboldt, concerning the origin of these bodies, the phenomena under consideration would seem to present us with a stream of falling stars and acrolites, differing in its period of apparition by about twelve days, from that of the first November stream, whose time has been put down by Humboldt from the 12th to the 14th of November."

Mr. Arrowsmith has published an admirable chart showing the recent discoveries in the Arctic Seas and the tracks of the various expeditions.

Mr. Hind announces the discovery by Mr. Brorsen, of the Observatory of Baron Sentenburg in Bavaria, of a comet with a brilliant nucleus and a conspicuous double tail, one branch of which is turned towards the sun, a rather unusual direction. On the 23rd October, it was found in right ascension thirteen hours forty-two minutes, and North declination thirty-two degrees fifty minutes. The right ascension increases six minutes seventeen seconds, and the distance from the North Pole diminishes at the rate of one degree fifteen minutes daily. Unless it has diminished in brightness, an ordinary night-glass will still show it without difficulty, somewhere about the Northern part of the constellation Bootes.

## GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

### 1. OF BOOKS, &c.

DR. AUGUSTUS PRIZMAIER, of Vienna, has published the first part, in ninety-two pages folio, of a Dictionary of the Japanese language. Measures are now taking to collect and print in a handsome edition, by the American Doctrinal Tract and Book Society, the works of the "holy and tearful" Thomas Shepard of Cambridge. We hear from Rome that the library of the Vatican is to receive the valuable collection of oriental manuscripts made by the late Monsignor Molsa-Laureani's successor. The catalogue of the Leipsic Michaelmas Book Fair has just been published; it shows that from April to the end of September of the present year, the German book trade has produced 3,860 works, and 110 maps, atlases, &c. Besides these, the catalogue gives the titles of 1,130 works that are on the point of publication; 1,949 works, about the half in the catalogue, are marked as "important."—In Germany, Austria excluded, appear 746 newspapers; of which, 646 are printed in German, 5 in French, 1 in English, 15 in Polish, 3 in Wendish (the Wenden are a Slavonic people in the midst of Germany), 7 in the Lutheran language. In all Europe, according to official statements, 1,356 newspapers are published, of which 169 are issued at Paris, 97 at London, 79 at Berlin, 68 at Leipzig, 36 at St. Petersburg, 24 at Vienna. It is with books (says *The Leader*) somewhat as with puns; after the very best rank the very worst. If you cannot with

expanded pinions reach the sublime, fly dauntlessly at the ridiculous, and your courage meets with jubilant reward. As an example, take Mr. Warren's *Lily and the Bee*. On reading it, a witty friend of ours declared, that the only explanation he could offer of such a phenomenon was, that "the author had gone mad from unmerited success." Well, this inexplicable piece of inflated nonsense has gained the distinction of being "talked about." It is only mentioned to be laughed at, but it is mentioned; nay, gossip is big with illustrations of the "eminent men" who have written to the author to express their admiration, one adroit old flatterer, evading the delicate ground by declaring it to be "above criticism." (We thought it below notice, and, therefore, left it to die in peace.) But, as you know, the value of private criticism on presentation copies, such praises will not astonish you. If you wish to see the lengths official criticism can go we advise you to read the two pages of "critical opinions" Messrs. Blackwood are advertising—selected from the London and provincial press. They form a literary curiosity. All authors should study these two pages—they may learn there to be modest under eulogies, and patient under blame. If these journals vaguely praise you, say to yourself, they praised *The Lily and the Bee*! if these journals vaguely blame you, say to yourself, they praised *The Lily and the Bee*!

### 2. OF LITERARY MEN.

An eminent critic has just revealed a fact which very few people knew, viz., that St. Just, one of the most terrible of the terrible heroes of the first French revolution, wrote and published, before he gained his sanguinary celebrity, a long poem, entitled *Orgaut*.—Last week's official list of new publications for Paris, contains two entries which demonstrate in a remarkable manner, the extraordinary popularity of Walter Scott in France. One is the announcement of the publication of another volume of the *twentieth* edition of Defauconpret's translation of his novels; the other is the announcement of an entirely new translation of the said novels. On Tuesday the venerable and much-esteemed poet, James Montgomery, Esq., completed his 80th year. In celebration of the event, an oak tree was planted on the lawn in front of the Sheffield Infirmary by the venerable poet, whose name has been intimately associated with the annals of the institution since it was projected in 1792. The ladies of Sheffield also presented Mr. Montgomery on his birthday with a "friendship offering."—A very pleasing tribute of respect and friendship, as well as acknowledgment of professional skill, has just been received by the family of J. C. W. Lever, Esq., M.D. (one of the Physicians of Guy's Hospital,) from a number of ladies, being patients of his. It consists of a marble bust of the Doctor, executed in the first style of the art, by Baily, R.A. The presentation of the bust was made, on behalf of the subscribers, by their Treasurer, Mr. Joshua W. Butterworth.

### 3. OF INSTITUTIONS, SOCIETIES, &c.

As a proof of the strong feeling which exists of the necessity of an enlarged system of industrial education, we may mention the fact that the gifts made by the exhibitors of minerals, metallurgical processes, mining and other models, to the Museum of Practical Geology have been most extensive.—The President of the Board of Control, Lord Broughton de Gyfford, has placed at the disposal of Lord Clarendon, in his capacity of Chancellor of the University, a writership in the civil service of the East India Company, to be bestowed by him on one of the students as a reward for academic merit.—The French National Assembly have lately voted 78,000 francs for the excavations at Nineveh, and 30,000 francs for clearing the Temple of Serapis at Memphis. Opposition was silenced by the remark of the Minister, that it was for the majority to decide whether England should have the precious remains rather than France.—The negotiations between Prussia and France for the conclusion of a treaty for the suppression of literary piracy, which were broken off, or rather suspended, some months ago, have been resumed. Hopes are entertained that they will be brought to a favourable issue. Another step has been made towards the destruction of literary piracy. On the 21st, a treaty between Hanover and France, for prosecuting it in their respective territories, was signed at Hanover.—The excavations now being carried on near Malton, in the course of the construction of the Thirsk and Malton Railway, have disclosed several antiquities of interest. The line cuts across Orchardfield (Orchil, or Highfield), an elevated platform commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country, and which has been the site of British, Roman, and other encampments, part having also formed the double fosse which defended the eastern side of Malton Castle.—*Galignani* reports that the great annual sitting of the five academies, united in one assembly, was held at the Institute on Saturday; M. de Tocqueville, the president of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, was in the chair, supported by MM. Villemain, Langlois

Royer, and Auguste Dumon, who severally represented the French Academy and those of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres, Sciences and Fine Arts. The attendance was very numerous. M. de Tocqueville opened the sittings at two p.m., with an appropriate discourse. The secretary then read a report on the results of the competition of 1851 for the prizes of philology founded by M. de Volney. A prize of 1,200fr. was awarded to M. H. Steinthal, Ph. Dr., for an essay on certain languages spoken by the Yloff and Bambara negroes, considered in a phonetic and psychological point of view. A prize amounting to the same sum was awarded to Mr. Munk, the celebrated Hebraist, for a notice on some Hebrew grammarians of the 10th and 11th centuries; a work remarkable for the sagacity displayed by the author in his researches, and for the singular results obtained. Dr. Lorenz Diefenbach obtained an honourable mention for his *Comparative Dictionary of the Gothic Language*. After this report the conditions for the new competition for 1852 were proclaimed, and a member of each of the five academies successfully took his seat at the tribune, and read an original paper on a subject of science, literature, or fine arts; the most interesting of these was one by M. Arago, read by M. Laugier, on the physical constitution of the sun and stars, and on the ancient and modern opinions expressed on the subject.

## JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

At the beginning of last month, in the evening, two rabbits were placed in the den of one of the boa constrictors in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens. In the night, the watchman discovered that the boa had seized hold of the large rough railway wrapper of blanket which is placed over him for warmth, and was drawing it down his throat. Some fears were entertained, but he was not molested, and in due course he swallowed the whole of the blanket wrapper. By the end of October the blanket was seen to have moved several feet down his body. It is supposed that he snapped at one of the rabbits, missed his aim, seized the blanket, and in the half-light made that his prey—having no taste or instinct prompting him to prefer the rabbits to the dead wool.

**INSTINCT ON SOME OCCASIONS SUPERIOR TO REASON.**—Instinct, as we have said, if it be at all allied to "reason," is so, no further than as regards "thought;" and that, very limited. Still, in some instances, instinct puts reason to the blush. A bird, a beast, or an insect, will eat as much as he requires, and will then be satisfied. They rarely eat to repletion. Is it always so with us? Some of our ventri-potential citizens, perhaps, will give us the answer. Then,—instinct teaches some birds to choose one spot; others, another. Some live in woods and thickets only. Some are gregarious; others, solitary. Some tame; some shy. But in all tribes, one and the same natural instinct prevails. Just so will any flower, if not tampered with by our "modern improvements," produce unerringly its own natural form, growing up minutely correct in its proportions, and diffusing all its inherent excellences widely around.—*Kidd's Essays on Instinct and Reason.*

## ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

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House! that alone of all the city vast  
To the poor poet gave a shelter free;  
Within thy walls may plenty ever be,  
And gifted guests enhance a glad repast!  
Hermes! O God of Travellers, thou that hast  
In charge the wanderers of the land and sea,  
To the snug anchorage where 'twas well with me,  
The wisest, loveliest, best, I pray thee cast—  
Let Beauty there ray forth innocuous smiles:  
There Wisdom gaily spread his mazy hoard:  
There sparkle Wit and lam'ent Humour shine!  
Whate'er enriches and whate'er beguiles,  
Send, Hermes! to the hospitable board  
Of friendly Frank and genial Geraldine! F. E.

#### II.

##### ROSTHERN MERE.

Though much the centuries take and much bestow;  
Most through them all immutable remains  
Beauty whose world-wide empire never wanes,  
Sole Permanence 'mid Being's ceaseless flow,  
These leafy heights their tiny temple owe  
To some rude hero of the Saxon Thanes,  
Whom, slowly pricking from the neighbouring plains,  
Rapt into votive mood the scene below  
Much, haply, he discerned unseen by me;  
Angels and Demons hovering ever near:  
But most he saw and felt I feel and see,  
Linking the Then and There with Now and Here—  
The grace serene that dwells on grove and lea,  
The tranquil charm of little Rosthern Mere.

Sheffield, November, 1851.

F. E.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

## MARRIAGE.

**O'BRYNE-HANDY.**—On the 29th October, at the Abbey Church, Malmesbury, by the Rev. Charles Pitt, William R. O'Bryne, Esq., the Naval Biographer, to Emily, eldest daughter of the late John Troughear Handy, Esq., of Malmesbury, Wilts.

## DEATHS.

**BEAZLEY.**—On the 17th October, in his 70th year, Mr. Samuel Beazley, the architect. As architect and surveyor of the Drury-lane Committee, and comptroller of the works at Her Majesty's Theatre, he superintended many alterations, additions, and improvements at both establishments. Among his public works are several other theatres—the Lyceum, St. James's Theatre, and the Theatre Royal, Dublin, being of the number. Mr. Beazley had contributed to the theatre in another character than his professional one. For the old English Opera-house he wrote several farces and burlettas. He was the author of at least two novels, "The Oxonian" and "The Rouge."

**LAVY.**—Recently, the Chevalier Lavy, Member of the Council of Mines in Sardinia, and of the Academy of Sciences in Turin, one of the most learned of Italian numismatists. He had created at great cost a Museum of Medals, which he presented to his country, and which bears his name.

**PELLEGRINI.**—On the 18th October, at Turin, Professor Pellegrini, one of the members of the Provisional Government of Parma, in 1848, and who has since occupied a chair of philosophy at Turin.

**SAINT PRIEST.**—Recently, at Moscow, M. de Saint Priest, a member of the French Academy, formerly a Peer of France, and the author of several historical works.

**STEPHENS.**—On the 15th October, Mr. George Stephens, author of the tragedy of "Martiniuzzi," after suffering from long-declining health, and unexpected reverses of fortune. In the year 1849, it may be remembered by some of our readers, "Martiniuzzi" was performed at the Lyceum Theatre, thus evading the law which then existed, limiting the performance of five-act dramas to the patent houses and the Haymarket. This was effected by the introduction of songs. Besides this tragedy, Mr. Stephens published three others—"Montezuma," "The Vampire," and "The Queen of Hungary;" also several novels, including "The Manuscripts of Erdely."

**WYON.**—On the 29th October, at Brighton, Mr. William Wyon, a medal engraver of admirable skill, and probably more widely known by his works than any other living artist. Mr. Wyon was the engraver of the later coins of King George the Fourth, and of all the coins of William the Fourth and of Her present Majesty.

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